

The Daily Mirror.

No. 3.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1903.

One Penny.

FOR FASHIONABLE MOURNING :

Remember that

Courtauld's Crape

Is Waterproof,

and therefore

IS NOT DAMAGED
BY A SHOWER.

The only "Grand-Prix" given at the Paris Exhibition,
1900, to English Silk Manufacturers was awarded to
Courtauld's Waterproof Crape.

STOCKED BY THE LEADING DRAPERS
OF THE WORLD.

RED FERN

LATEST PARIS HATS

An Exhibition of the Newest Shapes,
Colourings, and Materials.

Exclusive Models received Daily from Paris.
Original Motor and Travelling
Gowns, Cloaks, and Coats.

DRESSMAKERS

FURRIERS

MILLINERS

PARIS

LONDON

VICTORY'S FURS.

ELEGANT and EXCLUSIVE MODELS.

STRICTLY MODERATE CHARGES.

162, REGENT STREET, W.

By Royal Warrant of Appointment to
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

Makers to
H.R.H. THE CROWN PRINCE OF GREECE.
H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF SPARTA.
H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT.
H.R.H. PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG.
H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUIS OF BATTENBERG.

The LARGEST STOCKS of ENGLISH MADE
GOODS in EUROPE.

Elegant and Exclusive Designs EDITION DE LUXE.
and Novelties for PRICE LIST POST FREE.
Winter Season, 1903-4. TERMS CASH.

THE LONDON SHOE Co., Ltd.

Agents for Dr. Davies'
Triple Spring Instep Support.

EVENING SHOES FOR THE COMING . .
SEASON IN ALL THE NEWEST STYLES.

GOODS SENT ON APPROBATION.

BRANCHES { 116 & 117, NEW BOND STREET, W.
 21 & 22, SLOANE STREET, S.W.

CHIEF WAREHOUSE :

123 & 125, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

PRECIOUS STONES.

JEWELLERY.

TIFFANY & CO.,

221 and 221A, REGENT STREET,
LONDON, W.

PARIS.

NEW YORK.

SILVERWARE.

FAVRILE GLASS.

A VISIT IS SOLICITED.

DICKINS & JONES.

The "SPECIALITE CORSET." REGD.

The "SPECIALITE CORSET" is manufactured under scientific supervision, the cut and make being perfect. Each bone is placed in the position requiring support, without impeding or checking the proper exercise of the muscles, allowing perfect freedom of action to the whole frame; all these advantages are obtained, with an additional elegance of form, as the illustrations will show.

The "SPECIALITE CORSET" is made of the best materials, and fitted throughout with Real Whalebone (busts and side-steele excepted), best sewing and perfect finish. The quality of the "Specialite Corset" will be found 25 per cent. better, at the price, than any other Corset offered to the public.

TYPE 1A.—The "SPECIALITE CORSET." LONG WAIST, Black Italian Cloth and Real Whalebone, 19/6. TYPE 1B.—EXTRA LONG WAIST, 21/- complete.

TYPE 1C.—The "SPECIALITE CORSET." LONG WAIST, cut longer below the waist, and extra fully boned to give greater support to stout figures, in Black or White, 25/- complete.

TYPE 2A.—The "SPECIALITE CORSET." LONG WAIST, in White Coutil and Real Whalebone, 18/6. TYPE 2B.—EXTRA LONG WAIST, 21/- complete. TYPE 3C.—MEDIUM WAIST, 16/6 complete.

TYPE 8.—The "SPECIALITE CORSET." STRAIGHT FRONT, LONG WAIST, medium height bust and back. White Coutil and Real

Whalebone, 27/6; Black, unlined, 29/6. Strong Suspender for this Corset, in White or Black, with Tabs, 3/- per pair; without Tabs, 2/6.

TYPE 9.—The "SPECIALITE CORSET DE LUXE," STRAIGHT FRONT, extra long waist, deeper below waist, and extra firmly boned to give greater support, fitted with two pairs of suspenders. Price, in White Coutil and Real Whalebone, 37/6; Black, unlined, 39/6.

TYPE 11.—The "SPECIALITE CORSET," STRAIGHT FRONT, MEDIUM WAIST, cut low in bust and back, suitable for day or evening wear, in White Coutil and Real Whalebone, 16/6; in Black, unlined, 18/6 complete. Suspenders extra. Prices, in White or Black, with Tabs, 2/6; without Tabs, 2/-.

TESTIMONIALS.

The following are a few of the numerous spontaneous and unsolicited Testimonials which are received daily bearing on the excellence of the "SPECIALITE CORSET" (Regd.)

Ighfield House, White Knowle Road, Buxton.

August 28, 1903.

Mrs. C. Davies writes:—"More than eighteen years ago I had a pair of 'Specialite Corsets,' since then I have occasionally tried many other kinds which have been recommended to me, but I have always gone back to the 'Specialite Corsets,' as by long experience I am convinced that 'Specialite Corsets' are the best."

2, Rothesay Terrace, Edinburgh.

October 9th, 1903.

Mrs. Bruce writes:—"I bought a pair of 'Specialite Corsets' when in London last May, and find them to be the best and most comfortable corsets I have ever had."

5, Donnington Square, Newbury.

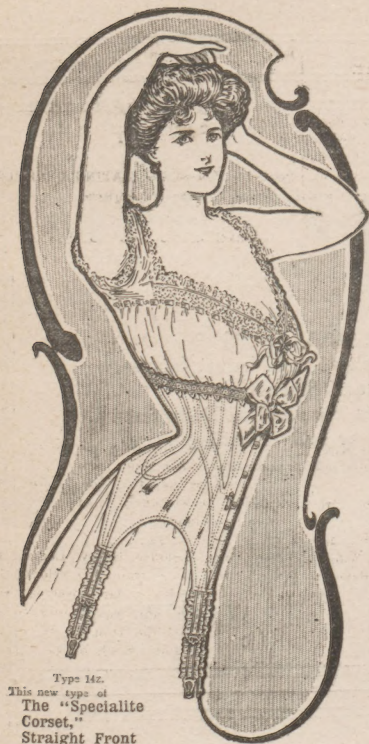
October 23rd, 1903.

Mrs. Pitman writes:—"I have worn your 'Specialite Corsets,' and have always found them far nicer than any other make of Corset."

CAUTION.—The "SPECIALITE CORSET" is made only for us, and cannot be had Wholesale or Retail except through us, or our appointed Foreign Agents. See that every pair is stamped inside, "DICKINS & JONES," without which none are genuine.

NEW "FASHIONS" BOOK.

Charmingly Illustrated, containing upwards of 200 Illustrations by 20 of the leading Fashion Artists, is now ready, and can be had Post Free on request.



Type 14z.
The new type of
The "Specialite
Corset,"
Straight Front

(as illustration) has been designed to give great freedom to the respiratory organs. It is cut specially low and wide in the bust. It also has a new empicement on the hips, which gives a particularly graceful curve to the waist. In White Coutil, with 2 pairs of Suspenders. Price 29/6. In Pink, Sky, or Cream Silk Batiste, 31/6.



Type 10z.
The "Specialite
Corset,"
Straight Front

(as illustration), long waist, in White Coutil and Real Whalebone, 19/6; and also in Black, unlined, 21/- complete. Special Suspenders for wearing with this type of Corset, in White or Black, with Tabs, 2/6; without Tabs, 2/-.

DICKINS & JONES, LTD., HANOVER HOUSE, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

An illustration from
New Booklet,
"DISTINCTIVE
FURNISHING,"
Post 7/-.

"Chesfield"
Settee, Adjustable
Ends, Length, 7ft.
open. Covered in
Cretonne. The
Quintessence of
Comfort.
Carriage Paid,
£5 10s.

Hewetsons

Furniture, Upholstery,
Carpets,
&c., &c.

SMART,
EFFICIENT
AND INEX-
PENSIVE.

Write for
Large Illustrated Cata-
logue. Thousands of
designs, with Estimates
and Sketches, for completely
Furnishing the Home at
stated sums.
Special Reductions during
Rebuilding.

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KEEP IN WITH THE LADIES.

This is our one object. If we can save them trouble and help them to please their husbands' palates we are satisfied. So we provide "St. Ivel" Dainty Puddings, which are delicious, cheap, and most easy to prepare. And we save them the great bother of making Puddings for Christmas, by supplying "St. Ivel" Christmas Plum Puddings, ready cooked in basins, unequalled in flavour and quality. And as the best after all, we make "St. Ivel Cheeses," which are mild as milk, rich as cream, and a perfect digester.

All sold by Grocers everywhere.

GOLD MEDAL, DAIRY SHOW, LONDON, 1903.

If your Grocer does not stock them, we will send post free as sample, 3 Dainty Puddings for 1/-, 1 Christmas Pudding for 1/6, 1 St. Ivel Cheese for 9d., or the lot for 3/-, together with some St. Ivel novelties.

SPECIAL CONSIGNMENTS PACKED FOR THE COLONIES.

Address: APLIN & BARRETT, etc., Ltd., YEovil.

[NAME THIS PAPER.]

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL FOR THE HAIR.

Unequalled, unsurpassed. Preserves, beautifies, restores it. Prevents Scurf, Dandruff, Baldness. Golden colour for fair hair. Sizes: 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d. 110 years prove its value.

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR FOR THE SKIN.

Soothing, healing, curative. Removes Freckles, Redness, Roughness, Cutaneous Eruptions, and produces Soft, Fair Skin, and a Beautifully Delicate Complexion. It is warranted harmless and free from any lead, mineral, or poisonous ingredients. It is infallible for protecting the skin from cold winds and damp atmosphere, prevents the skin chapping, and imparts a matchless beauty to the complexion, and a softness and whiteness to the neck, hands, and arms unobtainable by any other means. 2s. 3d. and 4s. 6d.

SOLD BY STORES, CHEMISTS, AND ROWLAND'S, 67, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON.



Great Reduction in the Price of a
Remarkable Floor Covering.

TRELOAR'S Inlaid Linoleum.

WILL NOW BE SENT, CARRIAGE PAID, TO

ANY RAILWAY STATION IN ENGLAND AT

THE FOLLOWING, GREATLY REDUCED RATES.

Roll 6ft. wide, containing 12½ square yards	£1 10 0
Roll 6ft. wide, containing 25 square yards	£2 15 0
1 Roll 6ft. wide, containing 50 square yards	£3 15 0

BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS and COLOURINGS

Samples on Application.

The Pattern on this Linoleum is NOT Printed; it is Inlaid. It Never Wears off; it Never looks Shabby.

TRELOAR,
LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.

Catalogue of Floor Coverings Free

Telegrams: TRELOAR, LONDON. Telephone 5044 Bank.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special forecast for to-day is: Fair, dry and cold; sunny in the country; foggy in the towns.

SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel, North Sea, and Irish Channel, all smooth.

308th Day of Year.

Wednesday, Nov. 4, 1903.

57 days to Dec. 31.

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1903.	Nov.	Dec.
Sun. ...	8 15 22 29 ...	6
Mon. ...	9 16 23 30 ...	7
Tues. ...	10 17 24 ...	1 8
Wed. ...	11 18 25 ...	2 9
Thurs. ...	12 19 26 ...	3 10
Fri. ...	13 20 27 ...	4 11
Sat. ...	14 21 28 ...	5 12

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

Splendid Generosity.

The King had an occupation after his own heart yesterday, when he opened the Sanatorium at Midhurst which bears his name. His interest in and sympathy with sufferers from disease is one of his most characteristic qualities, and in this case it has been manifested in a way that is both scientific and practical. The exhaustive enquiry which he caused to be held into the origin and treatment of tubercular disease led to the designing of the new sanatorium on lines laid down by a Committee of men each of whom is an expert on some of the forms of the terrible "white scourge."

But without substantial help of another kind these designs and deliberations could never have taken form. Sir Ernest Cassel's splendid generosity in providing a fund of £200,000 made it possible and easy for the King to carry out his cherished wish, and has now brought the advantages of the most scientific treatment for consumption amid the most favourable surroundings within the reach of those, to whom such benefits would otherwise have been impossible. How many lives will be saved through this means, how much happiness secured, no statistics can ever show; but better than statistics will be the thing itself, a monument of a King's solicitude and a citizen's noble generosity.

Personality in Politics.

The extraordinary demand for seats to hear Mr. Chamberlain's great speech at Birmingham to-night is an evidence of the thread of human interest which runs through even the dull fabric of politics. For there is no power, whether of logic or persuasion, which can at all compare in influence with that strange, dominating personality that is now and then embodied in some great statesman. Mr. Gladstone possessed it in a remarkable degree; but since his death there has been no one in the least comparable to Mr. Chamberlain for this power of convincing people, not by argument, but by personality. Lord Rosebery can as an orator arouse a remarkable momentary enthusiasm, but it hardly outlasts the sound of his voice. Mr. Chamberlain, on the other hand, is continually a presence, continually an influence, whether he is on the platform before a crowded audience or secluded in the privacy of his own house. One might almost call him the Pope of the political world, whose bare statement is more convincing than other people's argument, and who has a vast following that claims for him something hardly less than infallibility.

The Hunt for Youth.

Is it such a disaster for a woman to look her age? To judge by the remarkable increase in the ranks of the beauty "doctors," there would seem to be a growing panic amongst women at the approach of middle age; but we confess to agreeing with Mrs. Rawson (whose article on this subject we print to-day) that artificial youth is not the most desirable or beautiful of possessions. There is no virtue in looking older than one's age; but many women (and men, too, for that matter) seem to be thoroughly unhappy unless they contrive to look much younger than their years.

It is, no doubt, a very human failing; but it is worth remembering that there may be a beauty and attraction in every age, which must inevitably be sacrificed if an artificial youth is affected. And, on more trivial grounds, why should variety be sacrificed in the feminine world? To look at the stalls and boxes of a fashionable theatre one might think London to be inhabited by women all of exactly twenty-five years of age, neither more nor less. There is, after all, such a thing as youth of heart, which is by some experts considered not the least effective and agreeable preservative of facial beauty.

Court



Circular.

Buckingham Palace, November 3. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales visited his Majesty the King this morning.

His Majesty laid the foundation stone of King Edward VII. Sanatorium for Tuberculosis at Lord's Common, near Midhurst, to-day.

The King, attended by Lord Suffield and Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. H. C. Legge, travelled by special train on the London and South-Western Railway to Haslemere station, where His Majesty was received by Viscount Middleton (Lord Lieutenant of Surrey), Mr. Walpole Greenwell, and Mr. Charles Wigan (the Sheriff and Under Sheriff of the county), and Sir William Broadbent, Bart. (Chairman of the Advisory Committee).

A guard of honour of the 2nd Volunteer Battalion, the Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment, under the command of Captain the Hon. A. Brodrick, was mounted at the railway station.

The King drove to the site of the sanatorium, escorted by a troop of the Sussex Imperial Yeomanry, under the command of Major A. Whitelaw, where his Majesty was received by the Marquis of Abergavenny (Lord Lieutenant of Sussex), Mr. Edwin Henty, and Mr. Walter Bartlett (the Sheriff and Under Sheriff of the county), the Earl of Winterton (Chairman of the West Sussex County Council), Major-General Sir Leslie Rundle (General Officer Commanding the District), and by his Majesty's Advisory

Committee:—Sir William Broadbent, Bart. (chairman), Sir Richard Douglas Powell, Bart., Sir Francis Laking, Bart., Sir Frederick Treves, Bart., Sir Felix Semon, Sir Hermann Weber, Dr. C. Theodore Williams, and the secretaries, Mr. P. Horton-Smith and Mr. John F. H. Broadbent.

A guard of honour was mounted near the site of the sanatorium by the 2nd Volunteer Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment, under the command of Captain Homfray.

The King having been conducted to the platform, the Chairman of the Advisory Committee read an Address, to which his Majesty was graciously pleased to reply.

The Lord Bishop of Chichester then read the appointed service.

A trowel having been handed to the King, his Majesty laid the foundation stone, declaring it to be well and truly laid.

The Bishop of Chichester then pronounced the Benediction.

Mr. H. Percy Adams, the architect, had the honour of being presented to the King.

His Majesty returned to the Palace in the afternoon.

The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, First Lord of the Treasury, had an audience of the King.

Marlborough House, Nov. 3.

This morning the Prince of Wales attended a meeting of the Royal Commission on Supply of Food and Raw Material in Time of War, at the Foreign Office.

To-Day's News At a Glance.

Ireland last year lost 40,100 people by emigration.

It is believed in Washington that an agreement has been reached between Russia and Japan.

Shakespeare's "Hamlet" has just been given for the 300th time at the Burg-Theatre, Vienna.

The Progressives have secured a remarkable victory in the London municipal elections.

Lord Strathcona was yesterday unanimously appointed Chancellor of Aberdeen University.

Devonshire beat Worcestershire by one point in the Ladies' County Golf Championship at Sunningdale.

H.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales were present at the reopening of the Imperial Theatre last night.

"John Oliver Hobbes" and other ladies send interesting letters of congratulation on the advent of the "Daily Mirror."

The Nigerian expeditionary force has experienced heavy fighting in the bush. Captain Roddy being severely wounded.

American advices indicate the probability of a revolution in Colombia, and possible complications with the United States.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain at Aberdeen last night said Radicals like Sir W. Harcourt had become "old Tories of the Toriest type."

The Appeal Court has granted a new trial in the Worsley ("Uncle Joe") divorce case, on the ground of the perjury of material witnesses.

TO-DAY'S ARRANGEMENTS.

Social Functions.

Princess Louise visits Liverpool to lay the foundation stone of workmen's dwellings.

Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein opens a three days' bazaar at Christ Church, Clapton.

The winter sale of work of the Ladies' Work Association at Queen's-gate Hall, Harrington-road, South Kensington, from 12 to 6.

Lady Constance Hatch opens a sale for Foreign Missions at the Kensington Town Hall.

To-day's Weddings.

Mr. George H. Rittner, of The Shrubbery, Aigburth-road, Liverpool, and Miss Dorothy Clara Hardwick, younger daughter of the late Philip Charles Hardwick, of 2, Hereford Gardens, Park-lane and of Mrs. Lascelles, of Newton St. Loe.

Mr. John S. Phipps, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Phipps of New York, and Miss Margaret C. Grace, daughter of Mr. Michael Paul Grace, Lord of the Manor of Shenley, and Mrs. Grace, of Porton Lodge, Shenley, Herts, and 40, Belgrave-square, S.W., at Bath, Sussex.

Mr. Maurice Martineau, of St. James's-place, son of Mr. John Martineau, of Park Corner, Heckfield, Hants, and Mary Dorothy, eldest daughter of the late Bertie Peter Cator, of Beckenham, at Watlington, Kent.

Major H. M. Cowper, the Queen's Regiment, and Miss Norah Leigh Clarke, at St. Saviour's Church, Walton-street.

The wedding took place yesterday of Capt. Bruce, Irish Guards, and Miss Ruth Okeover.

The Macedonian insurrection is said to be crushed, and the insurgents are giving up their arms.

It is officially anticipated that the proceeds of Hospital Shopping Day will not exceed £5,000.

Walter George Cozens has been arrested on the charge of murdering Annie Devall at Compton Verney.

Elaborate precautions are being made for the safety of the Czar at Wiesbaden, where he meets the Kaiser.

Miss Sybil Elliot, niece of Lord Ravensworth, was yesterday married to Mr. Frederick Durell Durell.

The New Italian Cabinet has been completed, with Signor Giolitti as Premier and Minister of the Interior.

Several persons were committed for trial yesterday on charges of personating voters in the West Belfast election.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has postponed his Dunfermline speech in order to attend Countess Spencer's funeral.

Count Tisza, the Hungarian Premier, and the other newly-appointed Ministers took the oath in the presence of the Emperor yesterday.

"Like myself, the Queen is deeply interested in the fight against tuberculosis," said His Majesty in opening the Midhurst Consumptive Sanatorium yesterday.

TO-DAY'S ARRANGEMENTS.

Captain Charles Elliot Inglis, Royal Artillery, and Miss Sybil Dioso, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dioso, at Holy Trinity, Sloane-street.

Racing and Golf.

Racing—Northampton.

Golf—Finals of Inter-County matches at Sunningdale (concluding day).

To-day's Sale.

Peter Robinson's—Mantles, jackets, &c.

Theatres.

Avenue, "Dolly Varden," 8.30.

"Comedy," "The Climbers," 2.30 and 8.30.

"Criterion," "Billy's Little Love Affair," 3 and 9.

Duke of York's, "Letty," 8.

"Garrick," "The Golden Silence," 2.15 and 8.

"Haymarket," "Cousin Kate," 2.30 and 9.

His Majesty's, "King Richard II.," 8.15.

Imperial, "Monsieur Beaucaire," 8.30.

Royal Court, "The Tempest," 8.30.

"Shaftesbury," "In Dahomey," 2.15 and 8.15.

"Strand," "A Chinese Honeymoon," 2.15 and 8.

"Wyndham's," "Little Mary," 3 and 9.

* Matinees are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

KING EDWARD VII. SANATORIUM.

FOUNDATION-STONE LAYING CEREMONY AT MIDHURST.

SPEECH BY HIS MAJESTY.

"A matter of infinite importance," in his Majesty's own words, took King Edward VII. yesterday to the neighbourhood of Midhurst, the birthplace of Richard Cobden, and delightful in itself on account of its command of the South Downs.

The Sovereign's business was the laying of the foundation-stone of an open-air sanatorium, to be known as King Edward VII. Sanatorium, provided at the expense of an anonymous donor, "in the hope of arresting the malady of consumption, and advancing knowledge in a matter of such infinite importance."

The King, who was accompanied by Lord Suffield and Colonel Henry Legge, left Waterloo in a special train at 11 o'clock. His Majesty, who wore a dark overcoat with velvet collar and cuffs, was received by the chairman (Colonel the Hon. H. W. Campbell), directors, and officials of the railway, including Sir Charles Owen, the general manager; Mr. Henry Holmes, the superintendent of the line; and the locomotive engineer, Mr. David Drummond, one of whose express engines, fitted with water-tube boilers, drew the train. Remembering the business of the day, the presence of Sir Ernest Cassel and his sister in the royal train was accepted as quite in the natural order of things.

It was a great day for the literary colony of Haslemere, for it was there his Majesty alighted and took carriage for the portion of the Cowdray estate on which the sanatorium is to be erected. Not only was there a general use of flags and floral devices, but triumphal arches had been erected, and the railway station was adorned by a free use of bunting, flowers, and autumnal foliage.

Splendid weather prevailing, about a thousand guests who had arrived by special trains from Victoria and Waterloo, and upwards of three thousand local spectators, had assembled around the site. The guard of honour here consisted of the 2nd V.B. of the Royal Sussex Regiment, under the command of Captain Homfray. There was also the band, together with a large assembly of school children.

At the central pavilion—the site of the stone-laying—his Majesty was awaited by the Lord-Lieutenant of Sussex (Marquis of Abergavenny), the Sheriff of the county (Mr. E. Henty), the Under-Sheriff (Mr. Walter Bartlett), Lord Winterton (Chairman of the West Sussex County Council), Major-General Sir Leslie Rundle (General Officer Commanding the District), Sir William Broadbent, Chairman of the Advisory Committee, and the members of that body. The general attendance included:—

Lord Tebegan, Sir John and Lady Aird, Lord and Lady Davey, the Dean of Chichester, Lord Knutsford, Viscount and Viscountess Escher, Sir James and Lady Reid, Sir William Church (President of the Royal College of Physicians) and Lady Church, Mr. Tweedy (President of the Royal College of Surgeons of England) and Mrs. Tweedy, Sir J. Cockburn and Lady Cockburn, the Vice-Chancellor of the University of London and Mrs. Pym-Smith, Sir Walter Foster, M.P., Mr. Johnstone, Mr. Sir Michael St. John Joseph and Lady Dimdale, Sir Whitaker and Lady Ellis, Sir T. and Lady Brooke-Hitching, the Archdeacon of Chichester, the Archdeacon of London, the Worshipful Masters, Drapers, Clothworkers, and Goldsmiths' Companies, Sir Chas. Wyndham, Mr. Tree, Sir Squire Bancroft.

His Majesty was conducted in procession to the royal platform, and there he stood uncovered while the massed school children sang "God Save the King," the vocal welcome mingling with the strains of the military band near which they were grouped. His Majesty's gratification was evident, and he repeatedly waved his hand in acknowledgment of the greeting.

Sir William Broadbent then advanced and read an Address on behalf of the Advisory Committee appointed by the King to carry out his Majesty's gracious intention of providing for the open-air and sanatorium treatment of consumption occurring in the classes above the very poor, but unable to meet the expense of prolonged residence in private sanatoria.

The Sovereign, who had listened with marked attention to every word of the Address, replied in a long speech, manifesting close knowledge and deep interest in the

Continued on next page.

The World's Latest News by Telegram and Cable.

Continued from page 3.

details of all departments of the great work, and especially recognising the devotion of the Committee, and notably the services of Dr. Theodore Williams, Mr. Brough Taylor, and Messrs. John Aird and Sons.

The substance of the speech was as follows: It gives me great pleasure to come here to-day to lay the foundation stone of my sanatorium for tuberculosis.

When a generous donor, whom I regret I am not allowed publicly to thank, placed at my disposal a large sum of money for any philanthropic object which I might have in view, I at once decided to devote it to the erection of an open air sanatorium, having been so greatly impressed with the immense benefit which institutions of this nature conferred on those suffering from pulmonary diseases.

It is my hope that by these means the malady may be arrested in the case of not a few of those who will be treated in this institution, while I further trust that on their return home, by diffusing amongst their relatives and friends a knowledge of the infinite importance of fresh air and sunshine in maintaining health, the conditions under which in so many homes tuberculosis flourished will be sensibly diminished.

I note with satisfaction that the site which my Committee have secured fulfils all the essential requirements of a sanatorium, and I trust that the sandy soil, the southern aspect, and the pine trees which give protection from the north and the east will assist in restoring health to the inmates of the institution.

I am glad to know that, while no necessary comforts which will add to the well-being of the patients will be omitted, there will be a total absence of all luxury and of expenditure of money on superfluous appointments.

I regret that it was not possible for the Queen to accompany me here to-day. Like myself, she is deeply interested in the fight against tuberculosis, and has proved it by permitting "The Queen Alexandra Sanatorium" at Davos to be called by her name. (Cheers.)

We both of us pray that the Institution of which I am about to lay the foundation-stone may receive the blessing of God, and that those who come to reside here may find renewed health and strength to enable them to carry on their duties in the world.

The religious part of the ceremonial was conducted by the Bishop of Chichester, assisted by the Dean of Chichester.

The King was presented by the architect (Mr. H. Percy Adams) with a golden towel having a jewelled handle ornamented with a crown and Maltese cross, while the centre contained an enamelled medallion, and three lions, together with a suitable inscription. His Majesty used a marble stone mallet in the foundation laying ceremony.

After the ceremony the King was shown round the grounds, and then, amid the singing of the National Anthem, drove off to the station, reaching London shortly before three o'clock, driving by way of Westminster Bridge to Buckingham Palace.

THE REPORTED GERMAN DISASTER.

The report which arrived yesterday, that a German garrison in the Warmbad district of South-west Africa had been annihilated, appears to have been exaggerated. Despatches have been received in Berlin from the Governor of the colony stating that a lieutenant and a sergeant were killed, and a trooper was wounded, and that the Government has taken measures for the suppression of the outbreak.

LYNCHHEAUN'S RELEASE CONDEMNED.

Reuter telegrams from Washington say that it is believed Great Britain will not accept the release of Lynchhean as the final verdict on the extradition application as the Government consider the principle involved to be of the greatest importance. Precedent allows further extradition proceedings to be taken. All the newspapers of Ireland with one accord condemn the decision.

NEGRESS AS BANK PRESIDENT.

The first negress woman to become president of a bank is Mrs. Margaret Walker, who has been appointed head of an institution opened yesterday at Richmond, Virginia, formerly a slave State. The white citizens of Richmond are giving encouragement to the bank.

THE FIGHT AGAINST TAMMANY.

When the polls closed in New York last evening, the anti-Tammany leader conceded that Mr. Low must have been re-elected Mayor, his plurality being estimated at 30,000. Mr. Roosevelt went to Oyster Bay to record his vote in the New York municipal election.

FOOD SUPPLIES IN WAR TIME.

The Prince of Wales was present at a meeting of the Royal Commission on food supplies in time of war, which was held at the Foreign Office yesterday. Lord Balfour of Burleigh presided at the sitting, which lasted until late in the afternoon.

FIGHTING IN NIGERIA.

CAPTAIN RODDY WOUNDED.

GALLANT CHARGE OF HOUSSAS.

A stirring story is furnished by Reuter this morning of the operations in the Niger Protectorate by the Eket expeditionary force, and of the dash and bravery maintained by the Houssa troops.

Major Mackenzie's column, which left pobe (the coast town) on September 16, has encountered (the despatch says) some severe fighting.

On September 24 the column left their bivouac at Efoi and proceeded towards Okwo, another of the unfriendly villages. It was found to be deserted, and the column, after setting it alight, moved on to Ikpa, with the intention of camping there.

Shortly after 10 a.m., as the column was nearing the town, and passing through one of those interminably thick pieces of bush which usually marks the approach to an African town, the enemy in considerable number and at close range suddenly opened fire.

Captain Roddy, of the Cheshire Regiment, who was commanding the advance guard and scouting carefully through the thick scrub, received a shot in the leg.

Although severely wounded and suffering from loss of blood he very pluckily held his ground until relieved by Captain Hume, who then led the advance.

The enemy fired with great determination on the column, subsequently killing two men and wounding nine others.

Major Mackenzie having in the meantime made provision for the safety of the wounded gave an order for a general advance, and on nearing the town sounded the charge.

The Houssas readily responded, and rushed the market square, clearing the enemy out. While the maxim gun was being placed in position the enemy crept up again and wounded two men who were serving the gun, but as soon as it opened fire they were rapidly dispersed.

The rear guard, under Captain Carlton, at this moment came safely in, and in a few moments the town was in possession of the British.

All the wounded, Reuter adds in conclusion, are doing well.

FENCING IN THE MULLAH.

BRITISH AND ITALIAN SHIPS TO PATROL THE COAST.

Three ships of the Italian navy and H.M. cruiser Porpoise, with the sloop Merlin, will proceed shortly to Obbia, to patrol the coast of Italian Somaliland, in order to prevent the Mullah's escape by sea.

It is reported that the Mullah's followers have deserted Illig, after plundering the town.

Two hundred men of the 1st Buffs have left Aden for Nobat, and 300 more with two guns, manned by garrison artillery, and fifty native infantry, will proceed to the same place to-day.

THE ILL-FATED LOCH MARIE.

The sixteen survivors of the Loch Marie, which was wrecked last Saturday off the coast of Tunis, have been brought into Algiers by the Dutch steamer Olanda.

Captain Allison and six of the ship's company were drowned, as well as Mr. A. R. Marquis, a Dundee spirit merchant, who had gone on the voyage for his health's sake. On the day of the disaster his wife received a letter from him telling of the benefit he had received from the voyage.

LOST IN THE VATICAN FIRE.

It has now been discovered that in the fire at the Vatican a Codex Marcellianus—an ancient papyrus, some incunabula, and some ancient stamps were destroyed. There is no ground for believing the fire to have been due to incendiarism. Monseigneur Puccenelli yesterday called at the Capitol to thank the Mayor on behalf of the Pope for the assistance rendered by the municipal authorities. —Reuter.

GIBRALTAR'S WIRELESS MESSAGE.

Signor Marconi sailed from Gibraltar yesterday for England on board the Orient Line steamer "Omrah." Before leaving Signor Marconi sent to the Governor, by wireless telegraphy, a message presenting respectful homage on the occasion of the first wireless telegraphic communication between England and Gibraltar. —Reuter.

NO DESERTERS WANTED.

Mr. Moody, Secretary for the United States Navy, addressing a Harvard political club, denied that the marksmen of the United States Navy were deserters from British service. If the United States Admiralty learned that a man was a deserter from another navy he would be instantly discharged.

At Sotheby's a Richard III. half angel, of London mint, one of the rarest coins in the English series, only fetched £34 at auction.

RUSSIA AND JAPAN.

HAS AN AGREEMENT BEEN REACHED.

POWERS AGREED ON PEACE.

There is no direct news of the negotiations between Russia and Japan, but Lafan says it is feared at the State Department at Washington that Russia and Japan have reached an agreement, by which Russia will make no attempt to exercise any control in Korea, upon the consideration that Japan will not interfere with Russia's policy in Manchuria.

a nature to satisfy both parties. Everything Paris has had with M. Savinsky, Count Lamsdorff's secretary. He said:—"I can assure you in the most emphatic manner that the Japanese Government must not be held responsible for warlike rumours. The Japanese, as well as the Russian Government, is animated by the most sincere desire to arrive at a pacific settlement. I am convinced that we shall find a *modus vivendi* of a nature to satisfy both parties. Everything goes to show that the settlement will not be long delayed."

M. Marcel Hutin, of the "Echo de Paris," has been in Darmstadt to interview Count Lamsdorff's secretary, M. Savinsky, who tells him that, as stated in the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, the Paris visit bore upon Far Eastern and Near Eastern matters, and that the Powers were at present hand in hand in Peace's cause. M. Savinsky also told the interviewer that it was not international politics, but fear of Italian Socialists which had caused the Tsar's advisers to suggest a postponement of his return visit to the King of Italy. He told him, too, that Count Lamsdorff would in a day or two have a chat with Prince Von Bülow, probably on Friday, and that Japan had been in no way responsible for the telegrams which pointed to a misunderstanding. "We shall," said M. Savinsky, "find, I am sure, a *modus vivendi* which will satisfy both parties in Korea, and it is as much in England's interest as in that of Russia and of Japan that a perfect and peaceable understanding should be maintained."

WELSH COAL FOR RUSSIA.

Five large steamers are now being loaded with coal at Cardiff for Russian ports.

BANK ROBBERIES.

THREE ENGLISHMEN ARRESTED IN PARIS.

Three Englishmen were arrested by the police in Paris yesterday (Reuter says) on charges of robberies from bank messengers. At the prisoners' lodgings the police seized a number of satchels stuffed with old papers. These the accused substituted for satchels containing securities which bank porters chanced to leave imprudently lying on the counters while they were paying in or receiving money.

It is stated that investigations made by the police revealed facts implicating the prisoners in several important robberies, notably the theft of £16,000 from the Northern Railway Company of France, and the robbery of £2,920 from a bank messenger at the Comptoir d'Escompte on the 15th ult.

LAST NIGHT'S SPEECHES.

Mr. John Morley addressed a largely-attended meeting at Nottingham last evening. He said that the education difficulty would never be settled until the hand of the State was altogether removed from religious instruction. He was sure it would come to that. On the fiscal question he said that the people of Great Britain were surely the best off in Europe. In Germany the conditions for the working man were lower even than those of Purgatory. (Laughter.) He did not believe the new proposals would succeed.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, who addressed a meeting last evening at Aberdeen, denied that the loss in our trade was due to deficient education or the development of resources in other countries. It was the hostile tariffs that were to blame.

UNITED STATES AND COLOMBIA.

It is believed, Reuter says, that startling developments are imminent between the United States and Colombia, and that a scheme is on foot to secure the independence of the isthmus of Panama.

A Colombian gunboat with troops aboard and the United States gunboat "Nashville" have arrived there.

MARK TWAIN'S HUMOUR.

In apologising for delay in answering a letter, Mark Twain, who is, with his family, leaving New York for Europe, wrote, "I am so crowded that I have not even had a chance to go to Madison-square, which I greatly regret, for now I shall never see 'Elijah' (Dr. Dowie) this side of —." Here Mr. Twain scratched out a word, making it illegible.

Tenders are invited in last night's "Gazette" for Treasury Bills to the amount of £3,000,000, of which £2,500,000 will be in replacement of Bills falling due on the 15th inst.

YESTERDAY IN PARIS.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS FROM THE FRENCH CAPITAL.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Tuesday Night.

Parisians are beginning to believe that they will be eating strawberries in the open air at Christmas, for the weather to-day has been warm with bright sunshine. There was no rain or the sign of rain.

Well-Known People.

King George of Greece, accompanied by Monsieur Thon and Baron Reineck, arrived at the Hotel Bristol this afternoon. A number of well-known people were at tea at the Ritz to-day, including Princess Hatzfeldt, Countess Fabricotti, Mrs. and Misses Cavendish Bentinck, Duke d'Albe, Baroness Heverstein, Duke and Duchess de Morny, Dufréssé d'Arzès, Duchess of Leeds, Lady Gwendolen Osborne, Princess Alexis Orloff, Madame Emma Calvé, and the Prince and Princess Strozzi. The Countess of Gosford has arrived at the Ritz. Lord Cairns left for London, but will return in the course of next month for the automobile show.

Lady Home is giving a dinner to-morrow evening to about twenty guests at the Elysée Palace.

An Automobile Accident.

Paris heard last night that Madame Jane Harding had been thrown out of her automobile and hurt so badly that her life was in danger. Friends of the charming actress were loth to believe the news, knowing that since the fatal accident to her impresario, M. Dorval, last summer, Madame Jane Harding has never been persuaded to enter a motor car. The news proves to be false as far as Madame Harding is concerned, but the mistake was a very natural one, for the victim is a Madame J. Dujardin, who was well known to music lovers as Madame Jeanne Harding, and whose debut at the Opéra Comique in Paris some years ago gave rise to tumultuous scenes. The latest news of Madame Harding is, I regret to say, that the doctors fear that she cannot recover.

A Wealth of Bloom.

A few privileged persons were invited this afternoon to visit the Chrysanthemum Show at the Cours La Reine, which opens to the public to-morrow. The large conservatories are filled with a perfect blaze of flowers, from the spotless white "Duchesse d'Orléans" and "Seur de Charité" to the brilliant scarlet yellow "Madame Waldeck Rousseau." The latest fashion in flower naming among Paris horticulturists is to give their favourites the names of well-known playwrights. Thus some quaintly shaped mauve chrysanthemums in to-day's show are named "Courteline," a brilliant yellow one "Capus."

A Beautiful Jewel.

The show of decorative art at the Salon d'Automne, whither I have paid a second visit, would be lamentable were it not for an exception so beautiful that it is worth while paying a visit to the exhibition for that alone. The inspiration of the peacock has moved the hand of so many craftsmen in all ages that it would seem as though the theme were exhausted. Laliqve proves the contrary. His ornament is a jewel for the front of a low bodice. Two peacocks, rising from a flowery foam of opal, meet in the centre; their heads and bodies are of moonstone, through which shines a shimmer of changing colour, how prodigious I cannot say. Their spread trains are set with sapphires, and a large single stone drops from their feet. The only touch of green is in the opal, yet the play of light is that of the living bird!

The Senators' Blackbird.

The gardens of the Luxembourg, which, owing to their proximity to the Senate, a wit has called the Gardens of Sleep, have been in a great state of excitement since yesterday. Among the birds which honour the Luxembourg is a white blackbird, of which the Senators and keepers of the garden are extremely proud. White blackbirds are, of course, a rarity, and attempts are evidently being made to steal the Conscript Fathers' pet, for last night thirty trees were found besmeared with bird-lime.

We are to have swans in the Tuileries, where hitherto it has been difficult to keep them. The last pair died in almost human fashion, the male bird suffered from acute rheumatism, which bore him off, and his widow died of grief, but no one heard the song of one or other of them.

A FRIEND OF ENGLAND.

Senator Tittoni, the newly-appointed Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs, preserves the kindest recollection of England, having been in 1882 a student of Oxford University and a member of the Palmerston Club at Oxford, where he delivered a lecture on the electoral system of Italy.

Signor Tittoni (says Reuter) has the warmest sentiments for England, and speaks English fluently. As Prince of Naples, he greeted King Edward in the name of Italy when his Majesty landed at Naples on his last visit to that country.

News from London and the Provinces.

THE "DAILY MIRROR."

LETTERS OF CONGRATULATION.

WOMAN BRIDGE PLAYER'S SUGGESTION.

From the great number of letters—all of them, we are glad to say, of a highly congratulatory character—which have reached us concerning the *Daily Mirror* we publish to-day a brief selection.

VISCOUNTESS KNUTSFORD.

The Viscountess Knutsford thinks the *Daily Mirror* is a most attractive paper, and that the amount and variety of the information makes it very useful.

Pinewood, Witley,
Surrey.

LADY VINCENT.

Sir,—The *Daily Mirror* inaugurates a new development in the life of the daily Press of this country.

I can truly say that it is the most enjoyable pennyworth of news, compressed into a readable compass; that has ever yet been produced, and I think that it is a great compliment to our sex that it is to women this new venture has been dedicated.—Yours faithfully,

ETHEL VINCENT.

1, Grosvenor-square, W.

FROM JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

Sir,—I congratulate you heartily on your first number of the *Daily Mirror*. I am specially pleased with the shape of the paper and the type: the ordinary large sheets are tiresome and inconvenient. The news seems admirably arranged, and the whole may prove a dangerous rival of the *Daily Mail*. You must be careful!

PEARL MARY TERESA CRAIGIE.

Steephill Castle, Isle of Wight.

A BRIDGE CHALLENGE.

Sir,—The paragraph in your first issue describing a Bridge match between two men and two women players was sufficient proof of the untruth of the statement we often hear that "no woman can play Bridge." The one and only way of deciding which are the best among Bridge players is to give exactly the same hand to two players (the opponents also taking the same hand), and then see which of the two make more tricks! The very best players run little chance if given bad cards against moderate players with fine ones.

Why not offer a prize in the *Daily Mirror* to the reader who makes most tricks in the Bridge hand you select, plainly stating the cards to be held by the callers and the opponents' hands.—Yours faithfully,

A WOMAN BRIDGE PLAYER.

THEN AND NOW.

Sir,—Often before have I congratulated myself that I was born towards the end, and not at the beginning, of the nineteenth century. Often before, I say, have I congratulated myself on this fact, but never so much as to-day. I have often pitied my grandmother that her life began when it did, but never have I pitied her as I pity her now. Why, she had not even the remotest chance, poor grandmother, of having a daily newspaper for herself apart from grandfather.

Do you know, have you the least idea, what a boon and a blessing the new journal is to both sexes? To both, I repeat—to men no less than to women. For he has never been quite easy in his mind, that lordly person who has sat morning after morning in every English household (and in every Chinese household, too, I'll warrant, if daily newspapers are published in China) arrogating to himself as a matter of course sole possession of the household's daily.

Domestic Tears.

No, he has not been quite happy in his selfishness, as witness his spasmodic efforts to impart information on what he is reading to the weaker vessel seated behind the urn. When first they were married he now and again with an uneasy sensation remembers their earliest domestic quarrel was about his absorption in that self-same paper. He recalls how astonished he was when, after handing him his coffee one morning, she suddenly burst into tears and rushed from the room. When he learned the reason he thought her selfish to object to his burying himself in the morning's news so far as to forget her presence, and that she was sure he was. The dissension thus began continued all day, till, at the end of a week, he wished himself back in untroubled, careful bachelorhood, and she wondered why she had ever been born.

Such was the domestic picture in many an English home till this week of glorious memory.

"ONE OF THE EMANCIPATED."

A PLEASANT REFLECTION.

The new ladies' "daily," fair maidens must feel. For their sympathy makes an especial appeal; As appropriate offering, what could surpass A *Mirror* a day to each good-looking (g)lass?—World.

OUR ROYAL VISITORS.

WHAT THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY WILL DO.

The arrangements for the visit of the King and Queen of Italy, who arrive in England on the 16th inst., are now practically complete. The Italian Ambassador in London and the principal members of his staff will go down to meet their Majesties at Portsmouth. A lord-in-waiting, a groom-in-waiting, and an equerry-in-waiting will be detached from King Edward's staff to attend upon their Majesties, and Queen Alexandra will deputise a lady-in-waiting to temporarily join the Italian Queen's suite.

The journey to Windsor will be direct, and not by way of London.

On the morning of the 19th inst. their Majesties will travel by special train to Paddington, and will drive to the City under escort. They will go via London-street to Bayswater-road, and thence to Oxford-street. The King and Queen will go to the Italian Embassy, 20, Grosvenor-square, before the City luncheon. They will arrive by way of North Audley-street from Oxford-street at eleven o'clock, and will remain at the Embassy till about 12.45, receiving the principal representatives of the Italian colony in London and will accept addresses from various societies. As at present proposed, there will be little or no speech making, as the time at disposal is so short. On leaving the Embassy, they will return to Oxford-street via Duke-street, and will go on to the City by way of Holborn and Chesham.

The return route to Paddington will be via Queen Victoria-street, the Embankment, the Hyde Parks, the Mall, Constitution-hill, Horse Park (the Serpentine), and London-street.

When they leave Windsor on the 20th they will return to Portsmouth without touching London again.

It is possible that his Majesty may receive at Windsor the Numismatic Society and other bodies who desire to wait upon him—the former to ask his acceptance of the society's medal in recognition of his well-known interest in old coin collections.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S MEETING.

There have been thousands of applications at the Birmingham Liberal Unionist offices for tickets for Mr. Chamberlain's great meeting to-night at Bingley Hall, Birmingham.

All were disposed of long ago, however, and fancy prices are being offered for reserved seats.

The meeting will be the largest that Mr. Chamberlain has addressed since the opening of the fiscal campaign. There will be reserved seats for 4,500 persons, and 5,000 others can stand in the area.

THE QUEEN AND THE CUPBOARDS.

When the King and Queen visited the Millbank estate of the London County Council her Majesty suggested that the provision of more cupboard space in the Council's dwellings would be a great boon to the tenants.

At yesterday's meeting of the Council the Housing Committee reported they were taking steps to ensure the provision of good cupboard space in all the Council's dwellings. It was agreed that her Majesty be informed of this decision.

THE FUNERAL OF LADY SPENCER.

The remains of the late Lady Spencer were conveyed from Spencer House, St. James's-place, yesterday evening to Althorp Park, Northampton, where to-morrow the interment takes place. Many floral tributes have been forwarded, including a pretty cross from Princess Christian. The King and Queen and other members of the Royal Family will be represented at the funeral.

TRIAL OF THE BEEDLE AIRSHIP.

The airship designed by Mr. William Beedle made its first ascent from the grounds of the Alexandra Palace yesterday afternoon. Held by guide ropes, the airship made a circle over the grounds at a height of fifty feet. Two other short ascents were made, and the designer expressed himself perfectly satisfied. The next trial is fixed for Thursday.

MARLOW FAIR ABOLISHED.

Marlow Fair is to be abolished, and the decision of the Home Secretary has given great satisfaction to the inhabitants. Held for three days in the main streets of the town for the last 600 years, the fair had of late become an intolerable nuisance.

MORE NEW DESTROYERS.

The Admiralty have placed with Palmers' Shipbuilding Company, Jarrow, orders for three more torpedo-boat destroyers.

The official announcement of Sir Edwin Egerton's appointment as Ambassador at Madrid was issued last night.

HOSPITAL SHOPPING DAY.

WILL IT REALISE MORE THAN £5,000?

"If Hospital Shopping Day realises £5,000," said Mr. Benson, the honorary secretary of the Committee last night, "I shall be more than satisfied, though some of my colleagues expect a much larger amount."

"If Hospital Shopping Day realises £5,000," said a prominent Bond-street tradesman, to our representative last night, "I shall be agreeably astonished. There has been, so far as I can gather, no public interest in the matter at all; we had no rush of business to-day—indeed, it was hardly an average day." And similar statements were made by about a hundred other trade firms to the reporters of the *Daily Mirror*.

Some of the tradespeople were afraid that the buying public had abstained from putting in an appearance because of an unreasonable fear of overcrowding; others believed that there was a notion that prices would be higher than usual, and one firm in the West End prominently displayed a notice that prices "would not be increased," but even with this the hospital shopper could not be recognised in any numbers.

It was the same story in all districts—"we've had no boom" was heard on all hands, and while the City thought the West End might have done well, the West End shopkeepers were afraid that many of their ordinary customers had gone to other districts to avoid the anticipated crush.

Elaborate arrangements have been made to publish the returns with the least possible delay, and to aid in this the Committee are desirous that shopkeepers who have fallen in with the movement, both in London and in the outlying suburbs, should make their returns as rapidly as possible.

"MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE."

ROYALTY AT THE REOPENED IMPERIAL THEATRE.

A very smart audience assembled at the renovated and newly-opened Imperial Theatre last night, to welcome Mr. Lewis Waller on his return to town in the ever-popular "Monsieur Beaucaire." One of the boxes was occupied by the Prince and Princess of Wales, the latter looking handsome in black, and wearing some beautiful diamonds.

In the stalls were such well-known "nightingales" as Lady Buckley, Lady McConnell, Lord Duncannon, and Sir Anderson Critchett. The play went with a swing from start to finish, and judging from the hearty reception accorded it when the final curtain fell, is in for a long and prosperous run.

The company is practically the same as that which introduced the piece to London at the Comedy Theatre earlier in the year. The acting, however, is improved all round, for the members of the caste have by now thoroughly shaken down into their parts. Mr. Waller's scene with Miss Grace Lane in the third act, when as "Beaucaire" he reveals his sentiments towards "Lady Mary Carlisle," has quite lost its former tendency to drag. The mounting is also improved, opportunity having been taken to redress the piece throughout.

The whole of the proceeds of last night's entertainment is to be given to the Hospital Shopping Fund.

A WIFE'S BRAVE EFFORT.

Before his wife's eyes, Mr. Frank Turner Denman, of 56, London-road, Bushey, managing clerk for a firm of underwriters, Lloyds, was killed by a train at Willesden Junction whilst crossing the lines to reach a platform on which she was waiting for him. Mrs. Denman bravely but vainly tried to save her husband by dragging him up on the platform. A verdict of Accidental Death was returned at the inquest.

THE COMPTON-VERNEY MURDER.

Walter George Cozens, the young groom who is suspected of murdering a laundrymaid named Annie Devall at Compton Verney, Warwickshire, has been arrested at Wootton Bassett, Wiltshire, and charged with the crime. Cozens was the girl's discarded lover, and was seen in her company the night before she was found with her throat cut in a ditch.

COIN SOLD FOR £140.

The first known example of that very rare coin, the fifty shilling piece of Oliver Cromwell, by Simon, 1656, was, after keen competition, sold for £140 to Mr. Brunning at Sotheby's rooms yesterday afternoon.

At Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's rooms in Leicester-square an antique leather box in-laid "G. A. B. 1785," once the property of the poet Byron, fetched only £1.

MISS HOLLAND'S LEGACY.

A legacy of £50 bequeathed by the late Miss Camille Holland, of the Moor Farm, Clavering, Essex, has been received by the Home of Rest for Horles. The sum was given to aid in raising the £20,000 which is required to permanently endow the Home.

SHORT TELEGRAMS.

Killed on Refusing to Marry.

At Cardiff, yesterday, an Italian named Milioni was committed for trial at the Assizes for an attempt to murder an organ-grinder who had refused to marry him.

New Industry in Leeds.

Louis XV. shoes for ladies are now being manufactured at Leeds, and another description known as "Turn" shoes are being shown at the London Shoe and Leather Fair.

Woman Helps the Police.

Yesterday at South Shields, Elizabeth Brown went to the assistance of the police, who were struggling with two violent women. Other onlookers had refused. The magistrates thanked her in court.

Motor-cars and Coachbuilding.

A Windsor coachbuilder's bankruptcy is attributed in the Official Receiver's returns to the fact that the motor-car industry has increased to such an extent that there is not now for any means such a large demand for ordinary carriages.

Lost and Quickly Found.

A well-known Derby lady, shortly after leaving Crompton's Bank, yesterday, where she had withdrawn £60, lost her purse. She at once proceeded to the police-station, where a Birmingham commercial traveller was handing over her lost treasure to the superintendent.

The Education Act in Wales.

The Pembrokeshire County Council resolved yesterday afternoon, by 24 votes to 19, that they would not take over non-provided schools when the Education Act comes into force next January. The effect of this will be that Church schools will receive no assistance from the rates.

Chrysanthemums at Bournemouth.

At Bournemouth Chrysanthemum Show yesterday Dower Lady Ashburton was a successful exhibitor, winning the principal prizes for thirty-six cut blooms and for twelve incurved cut blooms. Included among the prize winners for fruit were Sir John Groves and Lord Eustace Cecil.

Saved by Strong Corsets.

Alice Ann Frith, of Batley, had parted from a man named Firth Goddard because of his conduct, and when Goddard met her, and she refused to return to him, he fired three revolver shots at her. One struck her, and when her clothes were loosened the bullet dropped from her corsets. Goddard is in custody.

Rain as a Punishment.

Preaching yesterday at Windsor Congregational Church, on "Some of our National Failings," the Rev. Albert Lee, who is author of several well-known novels, said many believed that God was sending on us this plague of rain and other things because we deserved His censure, and had forfeited our right to His bounty and consideration.

Modernising Cambridge University.

The Duke of Devonshire having called the attention of the Council of Cambridge University to the expediency of modifying their requirements in respect to classical languages and of enlarging the range of modern subjects, the Council recommend the appointment of a syndicate to consider what changes, if any, are desirable.

WEATHER REPORTS FROM WINTER RESORTS.

We have received the following weather reports by telegram from our special correspondents at home and foreign winter resorts:

Bath.—Mild; glorious day; 7 hrs. sunshine; minimum temperature 55; minimum 42.
Bournemouth.—Fine sunny day; maximum temperature 58.
Brighton.—No sunshine; fine but cold prospects; maximum temperature 54; minimum 51.
Eastbourne.—Fine and calm, but dull; maximum temperature 54.
Harrogate.—Fine; barometer steady; 8 hrs. sunshine; temperature 53.
Hastings.—Dry and dull; maximum temperature 55; minimum 50.

Torquay.—Delightful day; continuous sunshine barometer rising; temperature 55.
Ventnor.—Colder and windy; maximum temperature 53, minimum 50.
Cairo.—Clear; colder prospects; temperature, 8 a.m., 57, 2 p.m., 81.
Cannes.—Oppressive at first, fresher and unsettled later; temperature, 71.
Nice.—Sunny with light breezes; maximum temperature, 68; minimum, 50.
San Remo.—Fine; temperature, 10 a.m., 70.

TO-DAY'S WILLS.

Mr. WILLIAM JOHNSON WALSHAM (50), Wareneside, Forest Row, Sussex, and 77, Harley-street, surgeon at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and Examiner in Surgery of the Royal College of Surgeons	£30,361 0 0
Mr. CHARLES SAXTON (60), of 35, Curzon-street, and 1, Richmond, solicitor, died October 3	£51,014 0 0
Mrs. ALICE SWINBURNE, of 61, Onslow-square, eldest daughter of the late Admiral and Lady Jane Swinburne, and sister of Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne, the poet	£31,974 0 0
Rev. EDWARD GRIPPER BANKS (58), formerly head master of Chatham House College, Ramsgate	£11,731 0 0

Law, Police, and Miscellaneous News.

"UNCLE JOE" DIVORCE.

NEW TRIAL GRANTED.

WITNESSES' PERJURED STORIES.

The Court of Appeal yesterday granted a new trial in the remarkable Manchester divorce suit of Worsley v. Worsley, generally known as the "Uncle Joe Case."

The new trial was asked for by Mr. Joseph Worsley, co-respondent in the action which was heard before Mr. Justice Barnes in the Divorce Court last November and resulted in the husband gaining a decree nisi, damages being assessed against the co-respondent at the sum of £1,500.

Mr. Barnard, who appeared for Mr. Joseph Worsley, explained that at the trial evidence was given by the petitioner's solicitor and his clerk with the object of proving a confession on the part of Mrs. Worsley. There were also called a private inquiry agent named George and his assistant, Mr. Cochrane, who told him they watched the respondent and co-respondent in a field, this being the only evidence against Mr. Worsley.

On November 27, about a week after judgment had been given, Mr. Worsley gave notice of an application for a new trial, paying the damages into court, and in December he obtained fresh evidence to prove that the detectives' statements were untrue. In March last Cochrane made a declaration to the effect that his evidence was false, and upon this George was prosecuted for perjury. On July 18, he was found guilty, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

On these facts Mr. Barnard submitted that the verdict was so unsatisfactory that there should either be a new trial or judgment for his client.

Lord Justice Vaughan Williams: I think sufficient has been stated to entitle you to a new trial.

The question of the damages paid into court was left to the Judge of the Divorce Court to deal with.

OXFORD GRADUATE'S DOWNFALL.

NOW POSING AS A MODEL FIREMAN.

Mrs. Swinden, of County-terrace, New Cross-road, when charged with threatening to cut the throats of her two children, attributed her miserable plight to the drunken habits of her husband, once a successful manager and an actor, now an artist's model, and said to have been an Oxford graduate. The husband was summoned by his wife, who wished to be separated from him.

At Southwark, yesterday, two of their daughters, spoke of the miserable existence of the mother, whose shabby dress and mournful manner made a sad and striking contrast to the stylish appearance of her children, who are programme sellers at a theatre. A police officer said there was no doubt about the habitually drunken condition of the husband.

The husband declared that he was not a drunkard. If so, how, he asked, could he sit perched up on a ladder as a model fireman, for his employers?

Mr. Chapman granted the woman a separation, with the custody of her children. She asked for no maintenance allowance.

HOTELS COME TO TERMS.

The Hotel Cecil, Limited, brought an action to restrain the Savoy Hotel, Limited, from erecting their new buildings to such a height as would interfere with the light which would otherwise be enjoyed by the plaintiffs. The case looked like being a protracted one, and a great list of counsel were set down as engaged by the parties. Yesterday it was announced that the companies had come to terms, which were not stated, and the action was dismissed.

FURNISHING WITH STOLEN MONEY.

Caroline Long, a daily servant at the post office at Leyton, was recommended by her father to go into lodgings. In order to furnish these apartments she stole £5 from the room of one of the postal clerks. She told a police-officer she had bought furniture with some of the money, and handed him the balance. She was bound over under the First Offenders Act.

DOCTOR'S SHAM PATIENT.

At Westminster Police Court yesterday, a well-dressed man, giving the name William Smith, pleaded guilty to a series of robberies from doctors. His method was to call at their houses on pretence of being a patient, and to seize his opportunity to appropriate any article of value in the hall or adjacent rooms. He was committed to the sessions.

AN EDITOR FINED.

For publishing in "Lloyd's Weekly News" certain statements regarding James William Taylor, an ex-detective sergeant, who is awaiting trial at the November Sessions, on a charge of murder, the editor, Mr. Thomas Catling, was fined £50 in a Divisional Court yesterday.

A CHILD'S PORTRAIT.

FRIVOLOUS ACTION—ONE FARTHING DAMAGES.

An interesting case bearing on the vexed question of copyright in photographs occupied the attention of Mr. Justice Bigham and a special jury yesterday.

One of Messrs. Newnes's periodicals published a photograph of the child of Mr. Holmes, a solicitor. The portrait had been taken by the well-known Bond-street firm of Langfrier and Langfrier, Ltd., who gave their authority to Messrs. Newnes for its reproduction, on payment of the usual fee of half a guinea. Mr. Holmes contended that the copyright was his, and brought an action against both the photographer and the publishers.

Mrs. Holmes gave evidence that she had two sets of photographs taken for six guineas. Mr. Langfrier asked her if she objected to his using the picture for a book of his own that he was preparing, and she gave her consent, but nothing was said about illustrated papers. The photographer's version, on the other hand, was that magazines and illustrated papers were clearly included in the consent.

After hearing the Judge, who thought "quite moderate damages" would suffice if the lady's story were accepted, the jury arrived at the conclusion that Mrs. Holmes had not consented to publication of the photograph but (the parties agreeing to accept the verdict of the majority—eleven to one) the foreman announced that they awarded only one farthing against each defendant, considering the action frivolous.

The case was ordered to stand over till today for judgment, there being also application by plaintiff for an injunction.

CATTLE-MAIMING MYSTERY.

FRESH OUTRAGES CREATE ALARM AND CONSTERNATION.

It was confidently expected that after the sentence of the solicitor, Edalji, of Great Wyrley, to seven years' penal servitude for maiming cattle, there would be no more of the atrocious outrages perpetrated on the cattle of great Wyrley and the district, in spite of the threatening letters which continued to reach the police.

Yesterday, however, alarm and consternation were revived when it became known that two more horses had been shockingly mutilated in a field about a quarter of a mile from a farmhouse in the same village, and near to the scene of the previous atrocities. Such terrible injuries had been inflicted upon one of the horses that it died, but the second was still alive when found.

Naturally the recurrence of these outrages has led people to revert to Edalji's case. Was he really guilty? is now being asked, although the evidence given at his trial appeared to afford incontrovertible proof of his guilt.

EAST LONDON WATER.

In the course of his evidence yesterday before the arbitrators appointed to determine the purchase price of the water companies' undertakings, Sir Alfred Binnie said, referring to the East London Company, he visited the company's filter beds and found an unsightly scum on them, and a most disgusting smell. He had had great experience of sewage works, but he had never smelt anything so disgusting as the odour from the filter beds at Lea Bridge.

The President: At what time did you pay your visit?

Mr. Balfour Browne, K.C., cross-examined with a view to showing that the smell complained of came from the adjacent Hackney Dust Destructor. The scum, Sir Alfred said, had been analysed, but he could not give the result.

LOST—16,003 PEOPLE IN 1902.

Ireland loses thousands of its natural increase of population by emigration; more boys are born than girls, and the most fatal epidemic is influenza.

These facts are from the Registrar-General's returns, which show the population in 1902 as 4,432,274. The marriages, numbering 22,949, and the births 101,863, show a slight increase on the average of ten years; the excess of births over deaths was 24,167, and the loss by emigration amounting to 40,190 there was a decrease in the population during the year of 16,003, less whatever immigration there was, of which no record is kept.

THE GREAT DUKE'S SMALL BATH.

An odd but valuable possession of Spencer House is the Duke of Wellington's campaigning bath. It is of silver—nowadays it makes a good wine cooler, I think—and I regret to say its proportions are such that the Duke can hardly have sat down in it.—"Manchester Guardian."

The inquest regarding the mysterious death of Miss Hickman will be resumed to-day.

The number of efficient Volunteers in England to-day is 206,451. Last year there were 281,062.

£70 A YEAR FOR NURSES.

WOMEN WORKERS SUGGEST IT IS POOR PAY.

Five hundred ladies of varying beauty and ages invaded Cheltenham yesterday on the occasion of the annual conference of the National Union of Women Workers. Smart and business-like were the proceedings, and whether in the discussion on education, to which there were many contributors, or conversation which followed the lecture on hygiene, in its primal aspect, there was abundant evidence given of woman's oratorical capacity.

Edy Battersea, who in the absence of the Duchess of Beaufort, acted as president, urged young ladies to make their lives interesting by adopting some pursuit in harmony with their own characters. The fashionable hobby of the moment was not for all of them, and however interesting the study of Wagner or of gardening might be.

In a discussion on the necessity of higher education for women and the need for training in general nursing, it was stated that in one district with a population of 7,000 there were but seven qualified midwives and over 700 who acted as such. The new Act which had been passed to enforce only qualified women being employed, would, if adopted by the County Councils deprive these 700 women of their livelihood, and it was asked by more than one speaker what was to become of them; while on the other hand it was pointed out that no properly educated and duly qualified nurse could regard seventy pounds a year, which was about the average earned, as fair pay.

The conference then adjourned to tea.

STORY OF A HOSPITAL MISTAKE.

The Rev. C. H. Eliot, of Hoxton, writes to the "St. James's Gazette" with reference to an alleged case of negligence at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. A young man, he says, was run over near Old-street, driven to the hospital, examined after some delay, and sent home with a bottle of liniment.

He was taken to another institution, when it was found that his lung was perforated, and his collar bone injured. "No one," says Mr. Eliot, "would wish to rage wildly against so splendid an institution as 'Bart's'; but it does look as if, just now, someone was distinctly negligent. I have often heard such stories before about other institutions, but never gave much credit to them. This case has come within my own knowledge."

GLIMPSE OF EX-PRESIDENT KRUGER.

Ex-President Kruger, who resides now on the French Riviera, close to the Italian border, has been presented by the "Patrie" newspaper of Paris with an allegorical figure in bronze, entitled "Sursum Corda."

M. Massard, who made the presentation, says the ex-president devotes his time to studying the Bible and reading voluminous correspondence with Boers in various parts of the world. "His last shake-hands were sad, and a mist seemed to come over his eyes. I myself could not suppress a tear."

A FRANK CONFESSION.

At Marlborough-street, George Hill Dickson was remanded charged with embezzling £100 from Messrs. Ross, the New Bond-street opticians, by whom he was employed as cashier. When arrested he said, "They are dealing with me leniently, if that is all they charge me with, because it is more than that."

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Settling Days: Consols, Nov. 5; Stocks and Shares, Nov. 11-12. Bank Rate: 4 per cent. (raised from 3 per cent. Sept. 3, 1903).

The stock markets reassembled after Monday's holiday in a somewhat pessimistic frame of mind, and certainly there was not much business doing. Attention was at once directed to Consols and Kaffirs. At first the rate exacted from speculators holding Consols on borrowed money was as high as 4 1/2 per cent., but a very profitable speculation, one might think, with stock on which the interest rate is only 2 1/2 per cent. However, the carry-over rate was inclined to ease off, and 4 to 4 1/4 per cent. was charged later. This encouraged the market somewhat, and the price was put better. But the money market rates are not encouraging, and to-day bills exchange in Lombard-street were once more discounted on stiltish terms.

Mr. Skinner's report, too, dealing with the question of Chinese labour for the mines, was regarded as anything but satisfactory. Yet labour must be had, and much had been hoped from cheap supplies of Chinese. But Mr. Skinner distinctly reports that it will not be profitable to take Chinese to the Rand for less than three years, which is probably longer than the Government will permit, that the cost will not be low, and that, before Chinese can be got in any numbers, and expense are, therefore, inadvisable, and the market looked particularly gloomy over the news.

The New York Stock Exchange was closed yesterday, and the fact gave the wire-operators an opportunity to strengthen our market and make things look better for to-day.

An accidently good group, too, was that concerned with Argentine Rails. Here the dealers were talking of favourable crop cablegrams having been received from Argentina, and having been secured, and they thought certainly now to be able to speak confidently of the wheat and linseed, the success of which crops means so much to our country. The fact that the Argentine Rails to-day was attributed to purchases for Argentina itself.

£100,000 FOR READERS

OF "THE DAILY MIRROR."

A GREAT CO-OPERATIVE SCHEME.

The cost of the establishment of the new London morning journal is estimated at between £250,000 and £300,000.

In order to attain the success desired by those responsible for the *Daily Mirror*, it has been decided to expend a large proportion of the capital in involving readers and private advertisers who co-operate in founding the journal, and will receive in return large sums of money, which will be divided among them.

CHAPTER I.

The first chapter of our scheme is a simple one. It will, we think, result in practical suggestions for the benefit of our journal. Briefly, it is as follows:—

£500 FOR A POSTCARD.

We are desirous of receiving suggestions for the improvement of the *Daily Mirror*.

We will present our first

£1,000

to those who send the best hints, written on postcards, on or before Wednesday, December 2nd.

Any person can send any number of hints, and gentlemen as well as ladies can assist. The rule should be observed of one hint on one postcard.

The £1,000 will be divided as follows:—

For the Best Suggestion - - £500.

For the Second Best - - £100.

Eighty other Suggestions - - £5 each.

The winners may, if they choose, nominate charities for the receipt of their awards if they do not care to retain the money themselves.

With regard to the awards for postcard suggestions the Editors of the *Daily Mirror* reserve to themselves the absolute right to be the sole arbitrators in making any gift or award without giving any reason, and in case of any dispute their decision must be considered as final.

All postcards should be addressed:—

Suggestion Department,
THE DAILY MIRROR,
2, Carmelite-street,
LONDON, E.C.

CHAPTER II.

Prizes for Private Advertisers.

The private advertiser is the backbone of such a newspaper. It is said in the newspaper world that he is the last to come to a newspaper and the last to go. The obtaining of these advertisements, as a rule, requires years of patient and expensive canvassing and circularising. We propose to spend little on canvassing and circularising, but to divide large sums in cash and in kind among the private advertisers themselves. Every private advertiser will receive a gift, until further notice, and an office has been opened in New Bond-street, the address of which we shall publish this week for the receipt of the advertisements and the presentation of the gifts. No private advertisements will be accepted for several days until the preliminary rush for the *Daily Mirror* has settled down into a permanent and steady circulation that will bring to every advertiser an abundance of replies.

By "private advertisements" we mean those announcing:—

Houses to be Let or Wanted.	Valets Wanted.
Plots to be Let or Wanted.	Cooks Wanted.
Apprentices to be Let or	Housemaids Wanted.
Wanted.	Parlour-maids Wanted.
Secretaries Wanted.	General Servants Wanted.
Loveries Wanted.	Cooking Wanted.
Housekeepers Wanted.	Grooms Wanted.
Butlers Wanted.	Chauffeurs Wanted.

and all requiring servants, or servants wanting places, as well as various miscellaneous wants.

AMUSEMENTS.

AVENUE THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, FRANK CURZON.
TO-NIGHT, at 8.30.
Messrs. SHUBERT will present the new Comic Opera,
"DOLLY ARDEN."
By Stanislaus Stange. Music by Julian Edwards.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.

HAYMARKET. COUSIN KATE.
TO-DAY, at 3, and TO-NIGHT, at 8.
Preceded at 2.30 and 8.30 by SHADES OF NIGHT.
MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S. MR. TREE.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.
Shakespeare's
KING RICHARD II.

MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.15.
Box-office (Mr. F. J. Turner), ten to ten.—HIS MAJESTY'S.

IMPERIAL THEATRE.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.
MR. LEWIS WALLER
in "DAME ELLEN."
MATINEE NOVEMBER 5, and EVERY Following SATURDAY, at 2.30, till 10.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.
Mr. J. H. LEIGH will give
Representations of Shakespeare's Play,
"HAMLET."
EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, and until further notice.
MATINEES TUESDAY and FRIDAY, at 2.30.
By George Daines, and Howard Talbot.
Scenery by H. Potts.
Box-office open 10 to 10.24 Westminster.
Special Reductions for Schools.

SHAFTSBURY. Lessee, Geo. Musgrove.
WILLIAMS AND WALKER.
The only real cake walk.
WILLIAMS AND WALKER.
IN "DAME ELLEN."
MATINEES WED. and SAT. 2.15. NIGHTLY, 8.15.

STRAND THEATRE.
Mr. Frank Curzon, Proprietor and Manager.
A CHINESE HOUSEHOLD, as given.
(Established A.D. MCML.)
By George Daines, and Howard Talbot.

844 THE PERFORMANCE TO-DAY.
MATINEE EVERY WED. and SAT. at 2.15.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.—AU-
TUMN TOUR.—THIS WEEK, from THURSDAY
EDINBURGH, to the 10.0. HEIDELBERG will
be resumed at the ST. JAMES'S at the end of January.

To-day's News of Court and Society.

YESTERDAY IN TOWN.

45 and 46, New Bond Street.

Tuesday Night.

Another fine day! Beautiful sunshine, no wind, and dry streets are our reward for weeks of wet, wind, and weariness, during which time walking, which is so fashionable nowadays, has been impossible.

Nevertheless, what a shock it will be when the further deluges we are warned to prepare for by the prophets and—the newspapers, descend with renewed vigour.

Meanwhile everybody is taking advantage of the moment, and the streets have again today been as full and cheery as possible, a block at the corner of Bond-street leading into Piccadilly giving quite a "season" feel, as several minutes elapsed before the mass of vehicles was slowly moving on.

There were several royal carriages to be seen about during the day, and it must have been the Princess of Wales in one which passed so rapidly that the occupants were unrecognisable. Countess Feodore Gleichen, dressed in black with a softness of white in the front of her dress was walking, and so was Lady Elena Wickham, returning to the country this morning after lunch, for the hunting. Lady Margaret Orr-Ewing, neatly dressed in black, was shopping, and so was the Duchess of Devonshire.

Engaged Couples.

The number of fiancées to be seen about is quite interesting. Lord Herbert and Miss Beatrice Paget got out of theiransom in Piccadilly and walked about for the rest of the morning; Miss Hope, looking radiantly happy, was with Lord Kerry near Berkeley-square, and in Sloane-street Captain George Stanley and Lady Beatrice Tylor were looking at the shops, while another couple whose wedding looms in the near future, Mr. Walter Farquhar and Miss Violet Corkran, are frequently to be seen.

Afternoon Hours.

Sir Matthew and Lady Wood, the latter in fawn with a red hat, turned into the Carlton Hotel for lunch about two o'clock, and found there a number of interesting people, including Mrs. Van Eck, the well-known American. She was wearing dark blue, with maroon coat-features in her hat, and near by Count Amersberg was seen lunching.

Later on Lady Alice Stanley, very well turned out, was driving, and so was Lady Anna Chandos-Pole, who finished up with a turn in the park. Lady Vivian, dressed in rose-colour, with brown furs, was driving in her motor-car on her way to Chiswick, and numbers of men included Prince Francis of Teck, Lord Lytton, who has just returned to town, Sir Edward Colebrooke, Mr. Montague Guest, and Mr. George Montague.

At the Mansion House.

There was an even bigger crowd than usual outside the Mansion House this afternoon, for it was the last reception given by the reigning Lady Mayress.

The great entrance hall was crammed, it being quite a difficult matter to get up the stairs, but once inside the vast reception rooms the crowd was not so noticeable. Great baskets of orchids and lilies of the valley, tied up with blue satin ribbons, stood about in the rooms, and in the dining room the long tables were covered with lovely silver plate and flowers.

The Lady Mayress received her guests in an inner room. She was dressed in silver-grey crepe beautifully embroidered, and wore a lovely string of pearls round her neck. Shortly after four o'clock the presentation was made to her by the Alderman and Sheriffs of the City of London as well as by the Court of Common Council, who had subscribed towards the gold and tortoiseshell inkstand, blotter, and paper-case, all suitably engraved, which formed the gift. The Chief Commoner made a speech which Lady Samuel replied to, and Sir Marcus Samuel also said a few words.

The Guests.

Among those present were Lady Harris, darkly dressed, with white at her throat; Lady Alice Leslie in grey with furs; Lady Mary Leslie, Mrs. Sedgwick, looking very nice in white cloth with sables; Lady Whitaker Ellis in black with a black and white wearing sable; Mrs. Arthur Frankland, with her husband; Sir Fortescue and Lady Flannery; Mrs. Carson, dressed in brown; Sir Joseph and Lady Savory, the Chief hat, and a great many more.

The band of the Scots Guards played delightfully throughout the afternoon.

Arrivals in Town.

Lord and Lady Dudley are expected to arrive at 7, Carlton-gardens from Ireland on Saturday next, the 7th inst.

Lord and Lady Winchester are staying in town for a few days at the Berkeley Hotel.

Lord and Lady Northcote are still staying at the Coburg Hotel, which they are making their headquarters until their departure for Australia, which is at present fixed for the first week of December.

Mrs. Carl Meyer has arrived at her house, 35, Hill-street, for a few days.

Sir William and Lady Young are now settled for the winter at their pretty house in Lower Seymour-street.

A Royal House-Party.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are to be the guests' next week of the Duke and

Duchess of Manchester at Kylesmore Castle, where a large house-party has been invited to meet them. According to present arrangements, the visit will be of three days' duration.

Evening Doings.

There were a good many diners at Claridge's last night; Lord and Lady Ebury were dining in the restaurant, as well as Sir Peter and Lady Walker, and Colonel and Mrs. Ralph Vivian.

There were plenty of people, too, at the different theatres, among them Sir Richard Musgrave with a party of friends at Drury-lane; Mrs. Charles Wilson at the Haymarket, and Mr. and Mrs. Norman Grosvenor in the stalls at the Adelphi.

Bulletin.

Lady Dickson-Poynder's little daughter Joan, who was attacked with smallpox last week, is now going on very well. Fortunately, like her mother, she has taken the complaint in its very mildest form.

Items.

If, as is hoped, the King and Queen of Italy visit the Irish Industries Sale at Windsor on the 18th, the Italian National Anthem will be played in their honour.

Lady Maud Wilbraham has gone abroad, and is not expected back in England for some time, as she is probably going to stay with her sister, Lady Bertha Dawkins, in Africa.

General Sir Baker Russell is still abroad, and though far from completely recovered, has benefited very much by a course of treatment at Vichy.

SOCIAL CHIT-CHAT.

At Sandringham the King keeps a most interesting variant of the ordinary visitors' book, wherein, not only the date of their arrival and departure, whence they came and their next destination, but also their weight on leaving, with a description of the clothes they were wearing, is inscribed. The Prince of Wales has also been a frequent contributor to its pages, many of the entries being in his writing.

The King and Queen are the most considerate of hosts, and watch over their guests' comforts down to the smallest detail. Both ardent Bridge players themselves, they have always at least two tables going every night. The King plays with men only, and in a separate room. The Queen invariably plays with another lady and two gentlemen, and there is generally a second table in the same room.

Both of the Miss Vivians are regular players at each table, but much as their Majesties like the game they make allowances for those who do not, a tolerance not always shown in less exalted circles, and tell their lady guests who are non-players to retire when they feel sleepy. The Princess of Wales dislikes Bridge quite as much as her Royal relatives-in-law are devoted to it, and never plays by any chance.

The Crown Prince and Princess of Roumania are shortly expected in Paris, and later on will visit the King and Queen at Sandringham. The Princess, who is very good-looking, was admittedly the beauty at all the Coronation festivities last year. Everybody, too, was delighted with her conversational abilities. In spite of her long residence abroad she speaks English without a trace of foreign accent.

Besides her taste in dress, the Crown Princess of Roumania has a singular gift for arranging beautiful rooms, and her eye for colour and for works of art is unerring. Not long ago she designed a pattern and herself embroidered a bedspread of heliotrope and silver, the design of which would not have been unworthy of Walter Crane. For the furnishing and decorating of her palace, she employs Bucharest workmen, in whom she places as much reliance as she does in the Bucharest modistes.

Less brilliantly gifted as a musician than her sister, the Grand Duchess of Hesse, Princess Marie, nevertheless, shows decided cleverness, and plays the violin very charmingly. But it is in designing clothes that her chief talent lies, and though the Princess sometimes orders a frock in Paris, the greater number of her exquisite clothes are made in Bucharest. Mother of two sons and two pretty little daughters, the Princess passes a happy time at Bucharest, where she is idolised by the people.

Lady Herbert of Lea has now settled down for the winter in Herbert House, the villa with a garden just outside Belgrave-square, which may be known by its colours, for it has been painted black and red now for some twenty years.

Lady Herbert is one of the most prominent members of the leading Roman Catholic circle in London, which includes the Duke of Norfolk, the Dowager Duchess of Newcastle, Lord and Lady Denbigh, Lady Clifden. She will not entertain at all this winter in consequence of the death of Sir Michael Herbert, but she will be as active as usual in charitable works.

Lord Erroll's promotion coincides with his removal to a new *pied-à-terre* in Buckingham-gate. Lady Erroll will find the new situation, very handy for the Court functions,

which she and her husband will necessarily attend, for the private entrée to the Palace is almost opposite their door.

Lady Erroll was an Irish girl, one of a well-known and popular sporting family, the Lestranges of Leitrim. She is a sister of Lady Muncaster, and her mother, from whom she inherits the Lumley beauty, is an aunt of Lord Scarbrough.

Miss Stephanie Cooper, a niece of the Duke of Fife, who is to be married shortly to Mr. Arthur Levita, is a remarkably pretty girl, with small, regular features, and a mass of golden hair. She has been educated in France, and has two sisters and one brother younger than herself. Mr. Arthur Levita, who is very well off, is on the Stock Exchange, and at one time was with Messrs. Panmure Gordon and Co.

Mr. William Hicks-Beach, who marries Miss Christian on the 25th of this month, has been a widower for twelve years. He has a pretty residence at Witcombe Park, Gloucester. His son, Mr. Ellis Hicks-Beach, recently entered the Diplomatic Service.

Lord Donoughmore, the newly-appointed Secretary of State for War, is twenty-eight years of age. He owns two houses in Ireland, which are near Clonmel, almost opposite one another. Lord Donoughmore was private secretary to Sir Henry Blake, Governor of Hong-Kong. He married a daughter of Mr. M. P. Grace, who has taken Battle Abbey, and whose younger daughter's marriage takes place to-day.

On the 24th of this month Mr. Albert Edward Astley, the eldest son of Lord Hastings, comes of age, but as he is with his regiment, the 7th Hussars, in South Africa, the celebrations will be deferred till his return. He is unmarried, and is decidedly a catch, for he is the heir to two fine places and a revenue of some fifty thousand a year, chiefly derived from coal mines.

His younger brother, Mr. Jacob John Astley, has just entered the 16th Lancers, so Lord Hastings has two sons in the Army. Lady Hastings is Lord Suffield's third daughter, and both she and her husband have always been intimate with the King and Queen, who have stayed several times at Melton Constable when Prince and Princess of Wales.

Miss Daisy Leiter, Lady Curzon's sister, is just now enjoying herself in London, which, according to herself, is "the best old place under the sun, if you know how to take it." Unconventional to a degree, full of vivacity, philosophic in the sense that she deems nothing worth troubling about, Miss Leiter accepts life as it comes.

She has made up her mind never to marry, at all events, no one was more amused than she at the kindly efforts of her sister, Lady Curzon, who has been, in a truly sisterly manner, anxious to dispose of her "for better, for worse." Miss Leiter, who is a great favourite in London, has been about a good deal lately, and though she considers chaperones as belonging to the Middle Ages, enjoys the company of Mrs. Asquith in that respect.

It is difficult to imagine two people more suited to each other as friends than Miss Leiter and Mrs. Asquith. The latter is the most unconventional woman in England, and one of the wittiest.

Once when Lord Rosebery was sitting at dinner between the late Duchess of Cleveland and Mrs. Asquith, Lady Peggy Primrose (now Lady Crewe) remarked, "Look at papa sitting between the last century and the 'next,' the 'next' referring to Mrs. Asquith." That lady is one of the prime movers in the Society of "Souls," which also includes Lady Granby, Lady Lytton (who was Miss Pamela Plowden), and Mr. Arthur Balfour.

VISITORS AT BRIGHTON.

The Brighton season promises well. All the houses in good positions are let for larger rents than have ever been given before. Lily Duchess of Marlborough, who has almost deserted London since the death of her late husband, Lord William Beresford, will make the house she has bought in Adelaide Crescent her headquarters for the next two months. Lady Russell of Killowen will also make her home in Brighton for the present. Sir Edward and Lady Clarke intend to be in Brighton a good deal, and have taken a charming old-fashioned house. Lord and Lady Chelsea have a new house in Eastern Terrace; Lady Dorchester, Mrs. Skeffington Smythe (who has lent her house to her daughter, while she is in Ireland), and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Peel have all houses at this popular winter resort, whilst the latest visitors to the Metropole Hotel include Sir Edward and Lady Leitchworth, Sir Frederick and Lady Frankland, Sir Arthur Hayter, and Lord Dunsandel. Lord and Lady Ely are staying at Prince's Hotel, whilst other visitors to be seen about are Mr. Francis and Lady Grace Baring, Lady and Miss Fox Young, and Lord Ralph Kerr and Miss Kerr. The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough have taken 164, Marine-parade, for the winter, chiefly for the sake of their children.

COUNTRY GOSSIP.

Holme Lacy.

Lord and Lady Chesterfield have been paying a series of visits in Scotland. Holme Lacy, in Herefordshire, their principal residence, is a charming house built by the last Lord Scudamore, who was the friend of the poet Pope. The interior has most lovely carvings by Grinling Gibbons, and a fine collection of family portraits. The gardens are a copy in miniature of those at Hampton Court Palace. Near the vicarage is a wonderful pear tree covering a great space of ground and forming an orchard of itself, which produces yearly many hogsheads of perry. Lady Chesterfield is extremely popular in the village and neighbourhood.

Knowsley Hall.

Knowsley Hall, Lord Derby's seat near Liverpool, where he will entertain a large party next week, is a very large mansion of two huge blocks, the earliest part dates from the time of Henry the Eighth; the dining room has a very fine and interesting collection of portraits of the earls from the first to the present. Rembrandt's "Belshazzar's Feast" is the most famous picture at Knowsley, but there are several very valuable ones by Rubens and Correggio. There are both red and fallow deer in the park.

Puttenham Priory.

The Contessa de Visconti, who has taken a lease of Puttenham Priory, is the widow of an Italian naval man. Her sister's husband belonged to the French branch of the same family, and also belonged to the Navy of his own country. The Contessa, who is not very strong, and takes much exercise in a bath chair, is English, and related to Captain Gosling, who was married last week. Puttenham Priory is one of the most ancient and picturesque country seats in the old-fashioned sense of the term, in the neighbourhood of Guildford. It belongs to Miss Georgiana Sumner, a member of the family which has provided the Church with so many bishops.

A Benefactress.

The Baroness von Eckhardstein has left Woodhall, Spa, after spending some weeks there. She has been out shopping most days in her bath chair, and has derived great benefit from her stay. She has been very good to the poor, and the inmates of the Alexandra Hospital during her visit.

Lady Beauchamp.

Lady Beauchamp is the younger daughter of Lady Grosvenor and the late Lord Grosvenor. She is charmingly pretty, in a graceful, picturesque style of her own, and is one of the few intimate friends of the young Connaught Princesses, who have been her guests at Madresfield on one occasion, besides being present at her marriage.

The White Farm.

Lord and Lady Alington are expected at Criche early this month. Lord Alington, who is surprisingly well, hopes to be able to do a little entertaining at the lovely "White Farm," which is in its way unique, and has always been a most expensive hobby of Lord Alington, every animal and every bird upon it being white.

A Poultry Fancier.

Lord Alington is one of the best hosts in England, and a great friend of the King. His second wife is a very charming woman, and is also a great poultry fancier, and is always represented at the large shows by birds from the White Farm.

OUR BIRTHDAY LIST.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4.

"Fortune is merry and in the mood that will give us anything." —Shakespeare.

Many happy returns to:—

Mr. Francis Clegg-Hill.	Lord Newborough.
Miss Eva Mulholland.	Lord Basil Blackwood.
Miss Gwen Moleworth.	Colonel Henry Legger.
Sir Charles Tennant.	M.P.
Mr. Lionel Bingham.	

Lord Newborough, who is the fourth holder of the title, was educated in Germany and at Cambridge. He married three years ago a pretty American girl, Miss Grace Carr, a sister of Mrs. Chauncey, who is also extremely pretty.

Sir Charles Tennant is a well-known personality, who represented Glasgow, Peeblesshire, and Selkirkshire in the Liberal interest for several years.

He is the father of Mrs. Asquith and Lady Ribblesdale, and married *en secondes noces* in 1895 Miss Margaret Miles, sister of Colonel Napier Miles, who lately commanded the 1st Life Guards.

At his house in Grosvenor-square Sir Charles Tennant has some very fine pictures, and his Scotch place, The Glen, is a most picturesque abode.

Lord Basil Blackwood is thought by many people to be the most brilliant of the late Lord Dufferin's clever sons. He has inherited much of his father's literary abilities and of the Sheridan wit. This was strikingly shown in "The Bad Child's Book of Beasts," and in "More Beasts for Worse Children," published by him in collaboration with a friend some years ago. Lord Basil is one of the brilliant young Oxford men whom Lord Milner has gathered round him in order to consolidate the Empire in South Africa.



The Charm of a White Dining-room.

A FEW years ago fashion decreed that light and brightness were not such essential elements of comfort in the dining-room as they are deemed now. To be cosy was then the great idea; and being cosy very often meant having a dark room in which large dinners were consumed, decorated with bilious shades of terra-cotta—foolishly designated high-art; while suspended over the table were "search lights," which made the guest feel thoroughly hot and uncomfortable, besides adding years to her personal appearance. Is there anything so soft or becoming as wax candles in lovely old silver candlesticks for lighting a dinner table?

A Plea for White.

Our ideals very happily have now changed as regards colour, and we have realised that brightness and light are a necessity, more particularly so in dear dirty London, and that clean dainty white has the charm of its own, while experience teaches us that it need never be dirty. White decoration, however, requires care, as much of its beauty depends on delicate shades and half tones. White ceilings lose much of their hard plain look, when decorated with Adam's wreaths and knots, and the wooden dado is relieved by the panelling. Above the dado a good white striped paper, not a shiny one, looks well, or a white flock paper. A white painter's distemper has a very soft look, and can always be easily renewed.

Gold Looks Charming with White.

An altogether white room should have white chaise, rep, or moreen curtains, which should be lined with white, and interlined. They should have wadded edges if they are to hang well, just touching the floor, and should be fastened back with ormolu bands, six feet up from the skirting board, while to revive a fashion of the past (and many past modes are well worth copying), good gilt cornices should be used above the curtains. The effect of the gold on the white is beautiful, and must be carried out in the rest of the room by means of gilt wall lights, mirrors in gilt frames, and old prints also in gold frames. A convex mirror over the mantel-piece looks delightfully picturesque.

The Relief of Colour.

Have the chair seats covered with white material like that used for the curtains, or with white horsehair. A touch of colour in this room to relieve the white is most important, and it should be produced by a plain green pile carpet, making sure that the green used is a bright one, not one of a yellow tint. The shades of the wall lights, and on the dinner-table should be of green silk to match. Good old Chippendale furniture is particularly beautiful when it has a white background to enhance its beauty, and to do full justice to its lovely curves and outlines, especially as regards the backs of chairs, which are quite lost against a dark background.

Furniture for the Room.

A handsome sideboard is a necessity. One or two good serving-tables should be provided according to the size of the room; there should be a corner cupboard for glass, and a good bureau bookcase with glass doors. Line the inside of this with white brocade and place silver in it. Silver and cut glass may stand on the sideboard and serving tables, and should the mahogany table be a very good one, slips instead of a tablecloth should be the rule, as the effect of the silver and glass on the mahogany when the room is lighted up is perfect.

An Alternative Scheme.

Should this room be thought too light in colour it can be darkened by having green curtains instead of white ones, still keeping to the gilt bands and cornices, and green seats to the chairs. Roller blinds should not be permitted, but short ones of white casement cloth to draw backwards and forwards, made in double sets to fit the top and bottom window sashes, should be substituted for those of the orthodox kind. A plain brass fender, two feet high, with a cushion seat covered to match, an old brass coal scuttle and fireirons, or touches of brass always brighten a room, should help to complete the scheme.

This room will never jar on its possessor, it will always look quiet and restful, and will have a soothing effect on the nerves of those who inhabit it.

Some Practical Instructions.

As at this season of the year houses are being made comfortable for the winter with warm curtains, it may be appropriate to observe that the majority of people do not pay enough attention to the way in which curtains should be hung. They buy lovely material, and absolutely spoil it in the making and the hanging of it. There is an easy method of preparing curtains for hanging, which if tried will be found very satisfactory. It applies to both substantial materials and muslins. Turn down two inches and a half of material, then

take a piece of tape an inch wide, and put it on to cover the raw edge, leaving a heading of two inches. Stitch this tape at each side, and run a narrow tape through it, joining a pair of curtains with it. Each curtain should have thirteen hooks on it, twenty-six in all, and be careful not to pin the drawing tape when putting them in. After the hooks are in, draw the tape up till the curtains are the size required, and after hanging them let the tape be tied up tight at each end. This method of hanging entirely does away with the baggy look which so often mars the appearance of handsome curtains, and disperses the fulness evenly.

THE WORLD OF ART.

ALTOGETHER, there seems to be an insatiable demand for high-class art publications. The "Hundred Best Pictures," "The World's Masterpieces," and "The Nation's Pictures" were so readily taken up that Mr. Heinemann has been induced to issue a new series of "Great Masters," in fortnightly five-shilling parts. Not only are the plates considerably larger in size than any of the preceding kindred publications, not only has the method of reproduction been carried to the highest degree of perfection, but also the selection of works has been made, to a large extent, from private collections which are not easily accessible to the public.

The New English Art Club announce that the receiving day for pictures intended for the forthcoming exhibition at the Dudley Gallery has been fixed for November 9. It will be necessary for non-members of the club to procure the written invitation of two of the members, to submit not more than two works to the committee. The members of the selecting committee are Messrs. Bate, W. Steer, Tonks, W. Rothenstein, MacColl, A. E. John, R. E. Fry, Orpen, J. L. Henry, A. Rich, B. Sickett, Hartrick, and A. McEvoy.



AN EXCITING THEME.

MR. FERGUS HUME'S new novel should appeal to readers who like their fiction to be sensational. He has no moments of hesitation; he starts in the first chapter with a mysterious murder. A very wicked man who has lived with one male servant in a great house in the midst of a pinewood is found dead. He holds a revolver, but none of the chambers have been discharged, and it is evident that he has been shot through the heart from a distance of some yards. There are other bullets in him which appear to have been fired after he was prostrate and dead. His servant has disappeared and is known to have talked ominously about him. It is also certain that he has led a wild life in foreign parts; it is suspected that his wealth has been acquired by methods that will not stand scrutiny; and it is certain that he has lived in constant fear of attack by some mysterious enemy.

Off the Scent.

Of course, the servant is suspected of having committed the crime; of course he is not guilty. Almost every other character in the book incurs suspicion at one time or another, but in the end a helpless old Italian woman confesses on her death-bed that she is the guilty person. She did the deed in order to kill the man, and, coming on the scene too late, had fired at the dead body twice or thrice. Some of Mr. Hume's phrases are a trifle difficult to admit. There doubtless are people that he has the best intentions in the world, and who think that they can in a spirit of gentle facetiousness refer to a woman as a cow. At the same time, one does not see any particular reason why their efforts should be reported. Again, the woman who did the murder seems to us to be rather lightly let off when it is said of her that she "carried her feudal instincts to excess."

THE SILVER BULLET. By Fergus Hume. (John Long.) 6s.

NOT A SUCCESS.

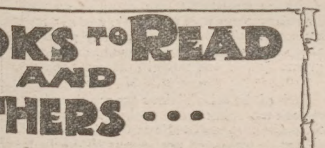
Sentiment equally false and cheap, a threadbare plot, and a breathless hysterical style—these are the principal attractions of "Eileen." Indeed, it is hard to understand why such pitiful stuff should, even in these days, obtain the honour of publication. The hero, Eileen's husband, is a baronet bearing the preposterous name of Forkley. They fall in love when she is a child of thirteen and he is not much older. They marry after

"Jack," his Majesty's favourite Irish terrier, who died during the King's recent visit to Ireland, gave a sitting to Miss Maud Earl two days before his death, and his portrait is now shown with a collection of this able artist's work at Mr. Paterson's gallery in Bond-street. The pictures are treated with great simplicity, painted in light and clear colours on white backgrounds.

Mr. Harrington Mann, who has within recent years come to the very front of our fashionable portrait painters, has been showing at his studio a number of new pictures intended for the forthcoming winter exhibitions. Among his sitters were Lord Shaftesbury, who is painted in his splendid coronation robes; Lady Magheramorne; Mrs. Bland in a beautifully-painted white satin dress and emerald-ordered white brocade cloak; and Lady Maud Warrender's children. The majority of these pictures will be seen at the Portrait Painters' Exhibition.

Mr. Ugo Cattani, an Italian miniature painter, who has made a considerable reputation since he has settled down in London, has completed a set of exquisitely-finished ivory miniatures of the King, the Prince of Wales, and Prince George, which will be presented in a tastefully-decorated album to the King of Italy. The miniatures and the design for the album are on view at the Bruton Gallery in Bruton-street, together with a series of oil paintings by Fred Stratton—rustic scenes, cottage interiors, and country types. He is particularly happy in his effects of evening light. "Changing Pastures," is all aglow with the warm rays of the setting sun—in the sky, on the meadows, and on the cattle.

One of the most extraordinary artistic curiosities of the day is a large mosaic picture of the Ruins of Paestum, which can now be seen at the Doré Gallery. It is quite unique in character, and comes from the villa of Prince Demidoff, at San Donato. One has to examine the picture very closely to appreciate the enormous amount of patient labour required to achieve by this method a result, in which none of the most subtle shades of brushwork are lost. In a group of trees on the right every tiny leaf is named by a separate bit of coloured glass, and about one-eighth of an inch in size, and yet a little distance one might easily mistake this picture for an oil painting.



a few years; a little daughter arrives, and they have a season in town.

It is then that Lady de Lacy, who is supposed to be *très grande dame*, observes to Eileen that she ought to make her husband go into Parliament—"so popular and all." Fiction is a marvellous leveler, for it can cause great ladies to talk like their serving maids, and Lucas Cleeve is evidently unable to make them talk in any other way. Eileen likes town gaieties, but Sir Reginald prefers the country.

A Designing Widow.

With this exception, and the fact that before his marriage Sir Reginald had to be rescued from a designing widow at a cost of £10,000, their Eden is perfect. Enter, however, a philandering diplomat named Lowry. At an evening party he inquires whether Lady Forkley cares for him, and just as Eileen, who as Lucas Cleeve charitably explains, is more or less intoxicated, says "Yes," Sir Reginald comes up with his fascinating widow in time to hear the interesting confession. Husband and wife are completely alienated for a time, and are only brought together again by the stale device of killing their little daughter off by an attack of croup.

The whole story is far from a success.

EILEEN. By Lucas Cleeve. (John Long.) 6s.

ABOUT, BUT NOT FOR, CHILDREN.

The book that is about children and is not intended to be read by them must be very well done to justify its existence. It can be sentimental, and it can be morbid; and it can irritate or a seely-day-meeting of resentment can all children have feeling of resentment for all grown-up people, because there were one or two grown-up people in the author's own childhood who did not understand him as perfectly as he would have liked to be understood. This last characteristic is the commonest of all in the books that are written about children. It is not to be found, however, in "Memoirs of a Child," by Annie Steger Winston. This is a book about children, particularly about one child, that is neither morbid nor sentimental; and it is written with a literary touch that fully justifies its existence.

A Heroine Without a Name.

It is so good, indeed, that one could wish a name had been given to the child whose personality so pleasantly fills its pages; for the leaves of an unsatisfactory title of "the child" is a picture in our minds incomplete. But any lover of children will recognise the little girl whose memoirs are so humorously related, as a real child and no mere type of

childhood; and that is more than can be said of many book heroines whose names have been invented on purpose for them.

"MEMOIRS OF A CHILD." By Annie Steger Winston. (Longman's.) 3s. 6d. net.

Seven the Critical Number.

To those seriously intending to follow a literary career, the wisest course to pursue would be that which Mr. Maurice Hewlett, whose "Queen's Quair" is now running so successfully in the "Pall Mall Magazine," set before himself. He determined to give up writing if by the time he had written seven books he had not yet been successful. His seventh book was "The Forest Lovers."

THE LIST FOR THE LIBRARY.

THE RELENTLESS CITY (novel). By E. F. Benson. Heinemann.
REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM (novel). By Mrs. Wier. Gay and Bird.
THE YELLOW VAN (novel). By Richard Whiteing. Hutchinson.
THROUGH CANADA IN HARVEST TIME (Life and Labour in the Golden West). By James Lumden. Fisher.
HORSES, GUNS, AND DOGS (sport). By J. Otto Paget. George A. B. Dewar, A. B. Portman, A. Innes Shand, George Allan.



The Future at His Majesty's.

Notwithstanding the popularity that "Richard II." is enjoying at His Majesty's Theatre, Mr. Tree has decided to produce "David Belasco and Luther Long's Japanese play," "The Darling of the Gods," in January.

Mr. Mortimer Menpes an Authority.

In addition to possessing an intensely dramatic story, in which the tragic note is dominant, this Japanese play is one that lends itself peculiarly to stage decoration and spectacular magnificence. Some of the scenery, painted and built in accordance with the models sent by Mr. Belasco from America, is already at His Majesty's, and all the properties that have had to be procured in Japan have also arrived. The details and all matters appertaining to Japanese ceremonial will be arranged under the advice of Mr. Mortimer Menpes, the well-known authority on Japanese art.

A New Actor Manager.

Next autumn Mr. Oscar Asche will enter into management on his own account, with a theatre of his own in London. Although it is his intention to revive several of Shakespeare's plays from time to time, his first production—a costume piece—will be from the pen of a living author. Miss Lily Brayton will, of course, join her husband in his enterprise, to play the leading part in each of his revivals and productions.

Change of Plans.

Until a day or two ago it was Mr. Willard's fixed intention to make Mr. Phillips' "Miriam" the second production of his season, and with this end in view he has been rehearsing it for the last two or three weeks. The continued success of "The Cardinal," however, makes the staging of Mr. Phillips' drama quite out of the question during the remainder of the limited period for which Mr. Willard occupies the St. James's. Mr. Willard also feels that the play would prove more suitable at a time of year other than Christmas. The production is accordingly postponed until he finds himself installed in another London theatre. He has now decided to continue "The Cardinal" for the next five weeks, and then to devote the last six weeks of his tenancy of the St. James's, beginning on Monday, December 7, to "The Professor's Love Story." When this is staged Mr. Barrie will be represented by no less than three plays running at leading West-end theatres at the same time. The hundredth performance in this country of Mr. Louis N. Parker's stirring drama takes place on December 1.

Sincerest Flattery.

Not only has Miss Mary Illington won golden opinions from the critics for her clever acting in "Mrs. Gerringe's Necklace," but her attractive personality and her smart gowns have aroused so much attention from the feminine portion of her audiences that a large number of admiring women have written her dressmaker begging her to copy the sapphire-blue panne dinner dress and the grey afternoon frock. Miss Illington says that people are constantly telling her that they have met Mrs. Jardine in real life, and that her impersonation of this somewhat brusque hostess is absolutely true in every detail.

Whistling as an Evil Omen.

This talented comedienne is only "lent" by Mr. George Edwardes to Sir Charles Wyndham, and is under contract to return to the former manager whenever he may require her. Miss Illington has a belief in the stage superstition that whistling outside her dressing-room door is an omen of disaster to any play in which she may be engaged, and asserts that, whether it is mere coincidence or not, she has found on more than one occasion, that some careless person, passing her door, has disregarded this portent of ill, and has thus been the means of whistling her out of an engagement.

Weddings and Other Personal News.

WEDDINGS OF TO-DAY.

BRUCE-OKEOVER.—On the 3rd inst., at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, by the Rev. Rosalyn Bruce and the Rev. Harcourt Anson, Captain Hervey Ronald Bruce, Irish Guards, eldest son of Colonel Bruce of Clifton Hall, Notts, to Miss Ruth Okeover, daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. H. C. Okeover, of Okeover, Staffs.

Miss Ruth Okeover, who was married yesterday to Captain Hervey Bruce, is tall, dark, and extremely good-looking, with a lovely complexion and graceful figure. Captain Bruce is in the Irish Guards, and was gazetted to his present rank in 1901, at the same time as Lord March.

Inside the Church.

The scene inside St. Peter's was very striking, the aisle being lined with a detachment of Irish Guards in their scarlet uniforms. The music was very good, and tall, green palms and white flowers decorated the chancel.

There were five little bridesmaids, who made a charming group of fair-haired children, dressed in long pale blue satin coats and pale blue hats with feathers. They wore diamond "R" brooches given by the bridegroom, and carried baskets of lilies of the valley and pale yellow chrysanthemums. They were Miss Joan Curzon, Miss Cynthia Allsopp, and Miss Enid Walker, nieces of the bride; Miss Dorothy Tufnell, and Miss Nancy Greenfield completing the number. Two little boys, Lord Kingsborough, cousin of the bride, and Master Gervase Bruce, nephew of the bridegroom, dressed in picturesque pale blue suits slashed with white, carried the bride's train.

The Bride.

Miss Okeover looked very handsome in a delicate dress of creamy chiffon, glittering with silver sequins, and a lovely transparent Brussels lace train. She wore a tulle veil over



MISS RUTH OKEOVER, who was married yesterday to Captain Hervey Bruce.

a small wreath of orange blossom, and her bouquet was of white lilies and roses, while diamond and pearl ornaments formed her jewellery.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Rosalyn Bruce, a relative of the bridegroom, and the Rev. Harcourt Anson.

At the Reception.

Mrs. Okeover afterwards held a reception at 46, Eaton-square, the residence of Colonel and Mrs. Tufnell, where the band of the Irish Guards played during the afternoon.

Mrs. Okeover was dressed in purple velvet, with beautiful old lace, and a toque to match. Lady Miller, who came with her sister, Miss Blanche Curzon, was dressed in stone-coloured cloth, encrusted with guipure, and lovely sable furs; whilst Miss Curzon was in grey, brightened with emerald green and a three-cornered pink hat. Lady Walker, one of the bride's sisters, wore a lovely pale green cloth dress, with a velvet shoulder cape of the same colour, and a cluster of Malmaison in her bodice. Lady Burgoyne, who arrived with her husband, was in green.

Other Guests.

Lady Kingston, dressed in white crêpe de Chine, with ermine furs, was with Lord Kingston, Miss Susan Cavendish, aunt of the bride and sister of Lord Waterpark, wore black crêpe de Chine, draped with old lace; Lady Osborne wore pale blue cloth with sables; Lady Frances Tufnell was in duck's egg green with a sable cape; Mrs. Tufnell wore very dark brown, with Irish lace and a long looked very pretty in blue; Mrs. George Ricardo wore black, with a sable cape; Mrs. F. C. Bruce was in black, with pink malmaisons

and a brown feather boa; and Mrs. Assheton Curzon was in fawn with a pale green hat.

Some of the Presents.

Sir Peter and Lady Walker's gift was a beautiful diamond tiara.

Mr. and Mrs. Okeover gave a dressing-case with silver-gilt fittings.

Colonel and Mrs. Bruce, diamond wings, forming either a hair ornament or brooch.

Sir Hervey Bruce, a diamond brooch.

Lady Scoufied, an amethyst pendent set with diamonds.

Mr. and Mrs. Assheton Curzon, massive silver candlesticks; Captain Bruce's brother officers in the Irish Guards, a silver salver; and the household and tenantry of the Okeover estate, a silver kettle.

The Honeymoon.

The bride and bridegroom left later in the afternoon for Paris, where they will spend their honeymoon.

DURELL-ELLIOT.—On November 3, at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane-street, by the Rev. Canon Trotter, assisted by the Rev. H. E. Sawyer and the Rev. Arthur Hankey, Mr. Frederick Durell Durell to Miss Sybil Elliot, daughter of the late Hon. Sir Charles Elliot, K.C.B., and of Lady Harriette Elliot.

Miss Sybil Elliot, who was married yesterday to Mr. Frederick Durell Durell, is a niece of Lord Ravensworth, and is dark, tall and slight in appearance.

At the Church.

Holy Trinity Church, Sloane-street, where the wedding took place was very prettily decorated.

The bride, accompanied by her cousin, Mr. Victor Wilkinson, arrived punctually at two, and was met at the door by the choir, who preceded her, singing the nuptial hymn, "Thine for ever." In the unavoidable absence of the bride's uncle, Lord Ravensworth, Miss Elliot was given away by her mother, Lady Harriette Elliot.

The five bridesmaids were, Miss Rachel Elliot, sister of the bride, Miss Olga Sawyer, cousin of the bridegroom, Miss Evelyn Dawson, Miss Laura Tritton, and Miss Ruth Seymour, cousin of the bride; the sixth, Miss Cicely Romilly, being unable to attend at the last moment. They were daintily attired in pale blue crêpe de Chine, the skirts flared, and the bodices having transparent lace yokes and fichus of white crêpe de Chine. They wore white felt hats, trimmed with white tulle and white ribbon, and tied under the chin with tulle strings. Each bridesmaid wore a turquoise and pearl heart-shaped brooch, and carried a bouquet of pink roses and lilies of the valley tied with pink and blue ribbon, presented by the bridegroom.

The Bride's Dress.

Miss Elliot made a charming picture in her pretty wedding gown of ivory-white satin, the skirt arranged in a novel fashion, and down the centre of the front of which fell softly a wide panel of gathered point d'esprit net edged with narrow lace. The bodice, with its full gathered sleeves of net and lace, had a yoke of drawn net and lace. The waist was finished with a wide satin belt, and from one shoulder fell gracefully a Court train composed of white satin, lined with point d'esprit net. With this gown the bride wore a plain tulle veil fastened with a wreath of orange blossom. Miss Elliot's ornaments were a beautiful pearl necklace with a diamond clasp, the gift of her uncle, Sir Henry Elliot, who has been ambassador at so many important European cities, and a diamond and pearl pendant, the bridegroom's gift.

The officiating clergy were the Rev. Canon Trotter, cousin of the bride; the Rev. H. E. Sawyer, and the Rev. Arthur Hankey, cousins of the bridegroom.

Some of the Guests.

The guests included many representatives of naval families. Lady Fremantle, whose husband was a naval A.D.C. to the late Queen, came early, and looked well in a black satin gown, with beautiful sables; Lady Loch, in black crêpe de Chine, with a pretty accordion-pleated cape and heliotrope toque, came with Miss Evelyn Loch, who was attired in a red cloth gown, and a becoming grey felt hat. Lady Vavasour wore plum-coloured silk, with a beautiful lace fichu; Mrs. Durell, mother of the bridegroom, had a gown of rich black peat de soie. Lady Perrott's dark heliotrope dress was arranged with pretty black silk braiding. Sir Herbert Perrott accompanied her. Lady Eleanor Liddell was in dark heliotrope. Admiral Sir Algernon Henegau came alone, as did Lady Kathleen Gausson and Lady Victoria Rowe. General Sotheby brought his wife, Mrs. Sotheby, wearing a charming red costume.

Wedding Gifts.

Lord Ravensworth sent a cheque, so also did Lady Blomfield, her great-aunt, and his three aunts, Lady Florentia Hughes, Lady Eleanor, and Lady Emily Liddell.

Mrs. Edward Trotter sent a cheque and an astrakhan coat.

Lady Loch's gift was a pretty enamel and opal brooch, the Archbishop of York and Mrs. MacLagan also sending an enamel brooch.

DISTINGUISHED INVALIDS.

Lord Stair: Improvement maintained. Mrs. Harry MacAlmont: Decidedly better and enjoyed a fair day.

Mr. John Penn, M.P.: Making satisfactory progress.

Sir J. Blundell Maple: Improvement maintained.

FROM THE EMERALD ISLE.

The house-party at Adare Manor for the theatricals, organised by Lady Aileen Wyndham-Quinn, included Mr. and Lady Beatrice O'Brien, the Knight of Glin, Colonel Vesey Dawson, Lady Oranmore and Browne, and Lady de la Poer and her daughter.

"Sugar and Cream" made an effective curtain raiser, in which Lady Oranmore played "leading lady" with great success, assisted by other well-known amateurs. It was followed by "The Jacobite," particularly well staged and acted, Lady Oranmore taking the part of "Lady Somerford," and Miss de la Poer, Miss Pottinger, and Mr. Peter Fitzgerald (the Knight of Glin's cousin, and a clever amateur) being also included in the cast, besides Mr. Montagu, Captain Fowler, and Captain White.

Lady Aileen Wyndham-Quinn's "Pierrot band" appeared during the intervals with much success, and Lady Dunraven, who is a talented musician, played the accompaniments with her customary charm.

The Limerick bounds met next morning at Adare, all the smart sporting contingent being present, besides Lord and Lady Dunraven's house party, and there was a capital run of over five miles, besides a shorter spin earlier in the day, in which Lady Aileen Wyndham-Quinn, who rides very straight, took part.

The thirtieth season of the Dublin Sketching Club was opened under exceptionally favourable auspices on Monday afternoon. The rooms were crowded with interested members and visitors to see a very good and numerous collection of pictures. Lord Dudley, accompanied by two aides-de-camp, arrived in State with outriders, and he was shown round the rooms by Mr. Alexander Williams, R.H.A., and Dr. Edwin Sandys.

Lady Grosvenor has entirely won the affections of the warm-hearted Irish in the Emerald Isle, and is said, like her husband, to have great sympathy with the people of the "distressful country," and an earnest desire for the amelioration thereof. She is a fascinating, lovable woman, broad-minded, light-hearted, and clever. Her style of dress, artistic and original, exactly suits her fair, picturesque personality. She generally wears white, or very light colours, and owns some priceless pearls and other beautiful gems.

Lady Grosvenor is devoted to the cult of flowers, and at Saighton Grange, her Cheshire home, she has a wonderful series of gardens, one for bulbs and all spring flowers, another for "old-time" lavender, white, perhaps, most distinctive of all is the rose garden, and "the Saints," where the flowers supposed to bloom on Saints' Days are set apart.

Mr. George Wyndham, who married Lady Grosvenor (as her second husband) in 1887, is an interesting personality also. Gifted with birth, brains, and beauty, he is the descendant of such in every sense, and a typical Irish type in character and appearance.

FASHIONABLE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between Captain J. Rutledge, 4th-Battalion King's Own Royal Lancaster Regiment, son of the late Thomas Rutledge, D.L., Cornfield, County Mayo, and Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late W. J. Banks, and Mrs. Banks, of Winstanley Hall, Wigan, and Balconie Castle, Evanton, N.B.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Antony George Bethell, Chinese Imperial Customs, youngest son of Mr. Henry Slingsby-Bethell, and Miss Frances Langdon, daughter of the late Mr. Henry Dominick Langdon. The marriage will take place at Mezzaratta, near Florence, in January.

A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between Charles H. O'Connor, youngest son of the Right Hon. O'Connor Don, and Letty, eldest daughter of Mr. Edward Moore O'Ferrall, of Lisard, County Longford.

A marriage has been arranged between Herbert William, second son of Frederick Willis Farrer, of 16, Devonshire-place, and Margery Isabel, eldest daughter of William Drew, of Lady's Close, Watford.

The Cecil Club will give a house dinner on Tuesday, the 17th inst., when Lord Glenesk will preside and Mr. H. Rider Haggard act as vice-chairman.

The marriage of Captain H. R. Cholmondeley, D.S.O., with Miss Mercy Ormrod, postponed on account of illness, is now fixed to take place very quietly at St. Anne's Church, Soho, on the 17th inst.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wombwell have arrived at 73, South Audley-street from Newbury, for the winter months.

General Sir Reginald Pole-Carew and Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew are staying at the Imperial Hotel in Cork until Government House is ready for their occupation.

All announcements duly authenticated for insertion in this column to be addressed to the Social Editor, "Daily Mirror" Office, 2, Carmelite-street, E.C.

OVER THE BORDER.

Amateurs at Alloa.

Lord and Lady Mar and Kellie's entertainment in Alloa Town Hall last week was quite brilliantly successful. No such treat has hitherto been accorded in a Scots country town, and people flocked to see the two performances from the remotest corners of the county. The programme was that which was arranged for the King's postponed visit to Chatsworth last spring, and the personnel of the company assisting was almost the same. The first item was "The Dancing Girl and the Idol," played delightfully by Miss Muriel Wilson as the dancer, and by Lord Shaftesbury as her singing lover. Both wore magnificent Eastern costumes.

Song and Play.

A concert was the second part of the programme, and to this Princess Henry of Pless contributed a solo, "Mélisande in the garden." Her wonderful beauty, no less than her sweet voice, seemed to carry the audience away, and she was cheered and cheered again. Most popular was the madrigal from "The Mikado," as given by Princess Henry, Mrs. Arkwright, Lord Shaftesbury, and Lord Frederick Hamilton. It has never been better sung at the Savoy Theatre. Last of all came the evergreen "Fantome Rehearsal," with Princess Henry, Lady Feodor Sturt, Miss Wilson, Mrs. Arkwright, Miss Ethel Gerard, Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Frederick Hamilton, and Mr. Leo Trevor in the cast.

In the 'Second City.'

Lord and Lady Blythwood are busy just now with preparations for the visit of Princess Henry of Battenberg to Blythwood House. Lady Blythwood, wearing her superb diamonds and a handsome evening dress, was the most imposing figure at the fancy dress ball given in Glasgow the other night in aid of the Samaritan Hospital. Lady Stirling Maxwell, looking so pretty, was also there; so were Sir Matthew and Lady Arthur. Lady Ure Primrose, wife of the Lord Provost, was a particularly ornate Cleopatra.

Fashionable Announcements.

The Duchess of Sutherland has been spending some days in Stornoway, encouraging and assisting the island members of her Scottish Industries' Association.

Lord Penrhyn, who has been fishing on the Dee with very fair success for the last couple of months, has left Scotland for the season, accompanied by Lady Penrhyn.

From North Berwick.

The Prime Minister has been enjoying some good days at North Berwick on the links, motoring over frequently to Whittingehame, where Mr. Gerald Balfour is slowly recovering from his severe illness. It is feared the latter may have to go abroad for the winter.

Captain and Lady Jane Combe have just left St. Andrews for the South; also Lord Ribblesdale, who has been staying with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tennant.

Sir Charles and Lady Tennant have bought Lady Buchanan Riddell's picturesque house so as to have a *pietà-terre* at North Berwick, and are busy redecorating it.

Lord Strathcona.

Lord Strathcona was yesterday elected Chancellor of Aberdeen University in succession to the late Duke of Richmond and Gordon.

A COUNTRY BAZAAR.

There was a very large gathering at the Mount Dore winter gardens at Bournemouth yesterday (Tuesday) afternoon, when Lady Cecil Scott-Montagu opened a bazaar there in aid of the Royal Boscombe and West Hants Hospital. Sir Frederick Wills received Lady Cecil Montagu, who made a graceful speech in declaring the bazaar open, and caused some amusement by remarking that she had motored over from Beaulieu well within the legal limit, as she had not wished to be held up and perhaps debarred from performing the very pleasant ceremony of opening the bazaar. A very brisk business was done by the various stall-holders, and the afternoon was most successful.

NAVAL AND MILITARY.

The 8th Hussars left Capetown on the Avondale Castle on the 29th ult., and are due at Southampton on the 18th inst.

H.M.S. Havock completed her refitting at Sheerness yesterday, and will forthwith resume her instructional duties.

The third-class cruisers Medusa and Medea have arrived at Gibraltar.

The annual return of British Volunteer Corps shows a total enrolment in 1902 of 388,354, against 288,474 in 1901.

The first-class battleship Centurion was commissioned at Portsmouth yesterday, and will proceed to join the China Fleet.

Yesterday Field-Marshal Sir George White completed fifty years of service in the Army. Steps are being taken to form a telegraphic section of the Post Office Irish Volunteer Corps.

BIRTHS.

GOLD.—On Nov. 1, at 14, Habs Crescent, S.W., Mrs. Harcourt Gold, of a daughter.
GREENFELL.—On Nov. 1, at 25, Great Cumberland Place, W., Lady Victoria Grellier, of a son.
HEARBY.—On Oct. 30, at Montpelier Manor, Monkswold, County Dublin, the wife of Captain S. F. Hearby, A.P.D., of a son.
ISHAM.—On Oct. 31, at Lamport Hall, Northampton, the wife of Sir Vere Isham, Bart., of a son.

MARRIAGES.

KILPATRICK-BLACKIE.—On Oct. 31, at Edinburgh, Robert Kilpatrick, Esq., Lieutenant Royal Navy, to Lilian, eldest daughter of Walter B. Blackie, Esq., 5, Belgrave Crescent, Edinburgh.
PENDLEBURY-DEVITT.—On Oct. 31, at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, by the Rev. Canon Hensley Henson, assisted by the Rev. J. P. Llewellyn, Vicar of Datchet, and the Rev. J. C. Dore, Vicar of the Rectory, St. George's, Strand, George Pendlebury, F.R.C.S., of Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, London, to Dorothy, third daughter of Thomas Lane Devitt, of Sandila, Datchet, near Windsor.

DEATHS.

GAIR.—On Oct. 30, at Woodside Cottage, Peppard, Oxfordshire, France, second daughter of the late John Gair, Procurator-Fiscal, Paris.
HICKSON.—On Oct. 31, at Old Bath Cottage, Jane Hickson, widow of Samuel Hickson, and daughter of David Grant, aged 92.
LASCHELL.—At Eastbourne, Major Claud Lascell, aged 72.
WILKINSON.—On Oct. 31, at Wollaton, Sandown, Isle of Wight, Lucy Barclay Wilkinson, aged 51.

PERSONAL.

ANIMAL LOVERS sending stamped address can have free specimen copy of *Animals' Guardian*, November issue. Interesting, entertaining, educational, illustrated. Short animal stories composed by Editor, 13, Regent-street, London, S.W. The most beautiful humane publication of the day.
TO HORSE LOVERS.—An exquisitely illustrated pamphlet on the Bearing Reins, with contributions from a leading veterinary surgeon and others, can be obtained from Editor, "Animals' Guardian," 13, Regent-street, London, S.W. Ask also for picture postcard.
SILVER and JEWELLERY bought for cash.—Catchpole and Williams, 510, Oxford-street, London, W., are prepared to purchase second-hand plate and jewels at any amount. Articles sent from the country receive immediate attention.

QUENTON ASHLEY for Ladies Parties.—Laughter, Rejuvenation, originality.
MOST divinely tall and fair, "Hinde's Curlers" were—
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SEAGER'S HAIR DYE.—Undetectable by one's friend.

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by
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H.M. THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA,
H.M. THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO, etc., etc.

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"DAILY MIRROR" DEPARTMENTS.

Some of Our Features.

From day to day the practical departments of the "Daily Mirror" will be changed. Among the forthcoming departments are:

- WOMEN'S EMPLOYMENT.
- WOMAN'S WORK IN THE FIELD OF RELIGION.
- DRESS OF THE DAY.
How to dress on a fixed sum.
Outfits for foreign countries. The season at Cairo. What to wear on the Riviera, etc., etc. Boots and Shoes. Trousseau. Promenade dresses; visiting dresses; ball crêpes; restaurant dresses; theatre dresses. Dress for the debutante. Furs and their preservation. Coiffure. Home dressmaking—practical directions and paper patterns.
- THE MEDICINE CUPBOARD.
How to treat emergencies; simple ailments in the nursery, &c.
- THE NURSERY.
Children's clothes and pastimes. Special column for the little ones.
- OUTDOOR GARDENING.
Hints to ladies who superintend the gardens.
- INDOOR GARDENING.
Culture of plants and bulbs in the house.
- PETS FOR PLEASURE AND FOR PROFIT.
Dogs, cats, birds and the poultry yard.
- INDOOR GAMES.
Bridge, etc.
- THE JEWEL BOX.
Dealing with the purchase, care, and alteration of jewellery.
- WOMEN'S SPORTS AND PASTIMES.
Hunting, golf, hockey, motoring, cycling, Badminton, tennis, croquet, sculling.
- PHYSICAL EXERCISES.
How to breathe, the gymnasium, swimming, fencing.
- THE HYGIENE OF THE HOME.
- FLOWERS FOR THE TABLE AND THE HOUSE.
- THE APPOINTMENTS OF THE DINNER TABLE.
- THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.
The collector's corner; furniture; upholstery and the arrangement of the household.
- OLD LACE, OLD CHINA AND OLD SILVER.
- THE CULT OF BEAUTY.
The complexion, the hair, manucure, etc.
- EDUCATIONAL SUBJECTS.
Schools for boys and girls; school outfits.
- PHOTOGRAPHY.

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2, CARMELITE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

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PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Taibout.

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To subscribers abroad the terms are: For three months, 16s. 9d.; for six months, 32s. 6d.; for twelve months, 65s.; payable in advance.

Remittances should be crossed and made payable to the Manager, *Daily Mirror*.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editors of the *Daily Mirror* will be glad to consider contributions, conditionally upon their being typewritten and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Contributions should be addressed plainly to the Editors, *The Daily Mirror*, 2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C., with the word "Contribution" on the outside envelope.

Owing to the immense number of advertisements received we have been compelled to hold over several pages.

The
Daily Mirror.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1903.

THE HUNT FOR YOUTH.

By MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON.

SOME say that this is an age of Higher Thought (the phrase covers a multitude of vague theories engendered and fostered in the minds mostly of the intellectually idle) and others that it is an age of Nerves brought on by the chase after amusement, contrast, and luxury.

Man was born a hunter, and woman too, and it is evident that we are always pursuing something. The two commonest types of quarry are wealth and youth. I hold that we to-day, we, the average man and woman, are chiefly engaged in pursuing youth. Very few of us can pursue wealth with any success, and only the very few can both get gold by sheer individuality and talent and also retain it.

But we can all pursue youth according to our leisure. With the average man "youth" simply means the power to enjoy. With a woman it signifies not only the power to enjoy, but a fair credit on the side of good looks. These are her social passport. With men youth and health are synonymous. With women it is youth and beauty, for health takes quite the second rank in their estimate of years. It is an old story, and entirely based upon the ancient and pernicious convention that a woman's value in the world is entirely determined by her pretensions to youth.

"You must be ever young and attractive outwardly; you must insist on your youth and attraction as your chief assets. When you lose these you are socially a bankrupt." That is the ever old, ever new, false, unhappy teaching. It is implanted in the children of the very highest ranks of the leisured classes, it is caught up by women in all other grades, and the suburbs echo and re-echo to it.

"To look old"—this is the one dread. To look spiteful, or crafty, or maudlin, or morose, or arrogant, or vicious—these present no terrors—but only "to look old." The thought strikes home suddenly when a woman is well into the thirties, or even, it may be, earlier still. Does she look old? Good heavens! What a horror! And so the wild goose chase after youth begins.

THE "HIGH TEA" DANGER.

By DR. J. ROBERTSON WALLACE.

IF dramatists and theatrical managers are wise in their generation they will sternly set their faces against the general introduction of that physiologically barbarous meal known in various districts as "knife-and-fork" or "high tea."

Dyspepsia is no friend of the drama, and even at so exalting a function as a *première* burlesque it must be difficult to amuse an audience more interested in their own lives than in the author's lyrics, and more appreciative of pepsine than of pirouettes. For it is a fact beyond dispute that the "high" tea tends to destroy even the most robust digestion. And here we find Fashion and Physiology, for once, at any rate, working hand in hand, the former stigmatising it as the reverse of smart, and the latter branding it as (scientifically) sinful.

Tea-dinners are more common in the

northern counties than in the southern, as if there were some connection between high latitudes and "high" teas. In Scotland, for instance, it may surprise the southerner to learn more persons take tea with their dinner than wine, or any other form of alcohol, and yet dyspepsia is not a national complaint. This may be accounted for by the fact that a gastric apparatus accustomed to deal successfully with oatmeal porridge, oatmeal cakes, short-bread and bannocks, makes light of weak infusions of the produce of China, India or Ceylon tea-gardens.

Again, the Yorkshireman, who is a very colourable imitation of the Scot, accustomed to consume and digest incredible quantities of the local pudding with his roast beef, is not the man to be appalled by the spectacle of the family teapot on the dinner table. But when we come to deal with the Metropolitan digestion, we find quite a different state of affairs.

UNDESIRABLE GUESTS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

THE veteran visitor who wrote at length in the *Daily Mirror* of Monday to complain of the discomfort of great country houses in England must needs be a captious person. Indeed, to such a pitch of luxury has hospitality been brought in these islands that it is a moot point if the entertainer gets enough amusement out of his guests to repay him for the enormous outlay to which he is put in a big country house, where there are parties from September to January.

In theory, the country-house party is an ideal way of seeing your friends. But what about the numerous persons who cannot pass Saturday to Monday in another man's house without revealing themselves bores and cranks of the first water?

From the host's point of view there is the eternal question of the Undesirable Guest. The Undesirable Guest, indeed, takes on protean forms. There is the political bore—and he is rampant this autumn—who never talks except on his own subject—be it War Office, Free Trade, or Protection—and who remains glum when not allowed to address the house. This class of person can devastate the pleasantest dinner-table. The liveliest woman, the most genial man, wither up before the blast of his tiresome eloquence and gradually become inarticulate from a sense of modesty and good-breeding.

Next in the order of guests who are as thorns in the flesh are the dietary enthusiasts. These are the people who must drink boiling water at the most unseemly hours of the day and night; those who can only live on cereals; others who, like rabbits, munch nothing but green stuff, or, emulating the monkeys and squirrels, want inordinate quantities of fruit and nuts. There are the folks who look disgusted if you offer them anything but their particular blend of tea, poured out in some esoteric fashion, and others who expect sterilized milk, the newest-fangled chocolate, and their especial Continental mineral water. The other day I had the ill-luck to stay in a house where a valetudinarian arrived who brought a small pair of scales to the table and deliberately weighed all his food!

The worst offenders among undesirable guests, perhaps, are the inveterately unpunctual ones; those who saunter down to breakfast at eleven o'clock, who never can get in at lunch-time, and who keep the dinner waiting half an hour. Hostesses who are the fortunate possessors of a French chef know that ten to one M. Aristide will give notice on the morrow, and shake the dust from his feet of an island where the inhabitants are barbarians. Indeed, it is notorious that, for this very reason, culinary artists of the first rank will not leave Paris to cross the Channel.

A new set of complications has arisen in country visiting by the advent of the ubiquitous motor-car and its attendant chauffeur. Some people even bring two chauffeurs, and the question is a burning one as to how these mechanicians are to be properly housed. Can they be asked to dine with the butler and the housekeeper, or must sitting rooms be set apart for their occupation? The motoring guest, moreover, not only brings his mechanician or two, but when he leaves fills up his automobile from his host's petrol-tank, oblivious of the fact that that indispensable commodity costs one shilling a gallon!

Only hosts and hostesses know what trials and "disagreeables" the Undesirable Guest can bring on the best-controlled country house.

CLUB WOMEN'S GRUMBLES.

THE Suggestion Book is at once the joy of the grumbling clubwoman and the bane of the secretary and the club committee. In itself it seems a harmless volume enough, reposing contentedly among the other books that lie peacefully on the table of the writing room. But open its pages, and like unto the swarm of evils that buzzed from Pandora's box, so shall the swarm of grumbles within its pages fly out in a cloud, darkening the atmosphere of the room with their black grievances and assailing the ears of the listener with such pitiless insistency that she asks herself in astonishment why women are content to remain members of a club wherein so many shortcomings appear to exist.

The Eternal Question.

As the abuse of servants has long been considered a never failing source of conversational interest to feminine tongues, it is not surprising that the clubwoman should make the subject a well worn theme in the Suggestion Book. "I strongly object to the waitresses wearing their hair in fuzzy locks and having such silly little apologies for caps," writes one member. "I also object to the awful talking and gossiping together when members are having tea." Another complaint, recurring many times in the book, is one that is evidently felt deeply by club women. "I consider it most unpleasant that the waitresses should state the prices of the tea before the members' guests. Surely the bill might be presented in silence or some way be found to do away with this unpleasantness. Cannot we have tea tickets, to be purchased beforehand from the secretary?"

A Little Humour.

A more amusing complaint, and one, judging from its hasty penmanship, evidently dashed off in white heat, will find many sympathisers outside the pale of clubs. "Is toast to be eaten in the writing room?" demands one member. "The jingling of cups and the rattling of spoons is bad enough, but the scrunching of water is awful!" From a member of a Bohemian club, where the appointments appear to be somewhat deficient, comes a plaintive appeal. "The teapots all have their spouts knocked off; and could we possibly be provided with tea basins? The cups are also cracked, and some of the tea trays have their ledges broken. I know that this club is Bohemian, but surely clean serviettes are not incompatible with Bohemianism?"

The Lady Gourmand.

To judge from the numerous comments on the food, it is evident that the club woman is as fastidious with regard to her meals as the most carping of gourmands. Sarcastic allusions to the brands of the wine, the quality of the tea, the lack of variety in the daily menus, are all hurled at the secretary's head, and there is a piteous prayer from the members who are "dieting" that more fish and stewed fruit should be added for their special needs. "May wire beds be abolished and spring beds substituted?" is the suggestion of one member, who is evidently no Spartan, and who, judging from the number of signatures that follow her remark, only voices the desires of many others.

Toilet Preparations.

On the delicate subject of toilet preparations for the dressing-rooms, several remarks make their appearance in the suggestion book. "Powder puffs should be abolished and bundles of cotton wool should be supplied in their place," is the comment of one member gifted with ideas on hygiene. "It is not at all pleasant to see so many members using the same puff." "We also need a manicure box in the dressing-room, and may we have different kinds of powder as what is suitable for the brunette is quite unsuitable for the blonde." Then follow suggestions as to the necessity of providing a complexion specialist and a masseuse, while another member desires that the services of a hairdresser be retained.

A WOMAN'S DIARY OF THE WORLD.

NOVEMBER 4.—The name of Abraham Lincoln came up among the anniversaries: this was his wedding day.

Miss Todd, "a clever and witty young lady, of higher social position than her grand wooer," was ambitious, and was told by a biographer, "she married Lincoln in the full conviction that she would one day be a President's wife. She used to contribute satirical articles to the newspapers before her marriage; and some of these so enraged an Irishman of the name of Shields that he sent a challenge to Abraham Lincoln."

But for friends the duel would have been fought, and there would have been one more sad chapter in the love affairs of the martyred President. They were not greatly happy, if we are to believe all that we read, and Lincoln had little care from either mother or wife. His mother died when he was nine, and it was to his father's second wife, "Sally Bush," that Lincoln owed the fact that his ambition was not limited to the walls of a village public-house.

His wife was with him on that dread night when he was shot at Ford's Theatre in Washington, and when he had passed away his stepmother was able to say: "Abe never gave me a cross word or look, and never raised his face against me, nor, to do anything I requested him to do."



THE HOUR-GLASS OF FASHION



If ye note her tire to day,
"That doth suit her best," you'll say,
Mark what she next morn doth wear,
"That becomes her best!" you'll swear.
—*Pearl's Virtue*, 1622.

A WEALTH OF NOTIONS.

ORIGINALITY THE KEYNOTE OF TO-DAY'S DRESS.

It is frequently remarked nowadays that London fashions are no longer under the yoke of Paris. For though we still depend on our clever neighbours for many suggestions, and our milliners have to fix their charges to allow for the expense of sending to Paris for the inimitable colours and the quaint conceits which it is impossible to obtain in London, nevertheless we have created a modistic ideal of our own, of which we may be justly proud. Our most celebrated couturiers design every one of their models from beginning to end.

Methods of Genius.

The head of a famous house in speaking of his love of his work, which is the outcome of an absolute genius for it, said, "Oh, I just look about me when I want an idea and find one anywhere—on the ceiling, even a painted ceiling. And I visit the picture galleries and get many inspirations from there." Then follows a very rapid but very clever sketch, and from that is built the model. Several dressmakers keep a scrap book of all sorts of ancient prints, which are consulted for evening and other gowns.

Error of Eccentricity.

All this individuality of enterprise, as our readers will conclude, gives the woman with more brains than means a better chance than of yore of competing successfully with her wealthier sister. For she can herself evolve the ideas for which the other must pay so heavily. At the same time it should be remembered that the more unique a thing is the more perfectly it needs carrying out; so let the economical woman be careful of entrusting her "clever little dressmaker" with too complicated trimmings, etc. Her original ideas should be kept simple; and, above all, let her avoid that fatal perversion of originality—eccentricity.

Just a Little Thing—

But one so infinitely pleasing, it deserves to be chronicled in capital letters. The attraction of the leather belt is becoming almost a trite story, despite the fact that the soft quality kid and suede are still regarded as prohibitive by the average purse over here. Which is— if the parenthesis be pardoned—a peculiarly apt instance of how frequently the average mind is mistaken in economical intention. In the pursuit of a supply of rubbishy trifles there is seldom any scruple, a policy always peculiarly prevalent in waist adornment, where the magic *Is. 11½d.* for some shoddy silk or sham leather affair, which has need to be renewed almost immediately, has a claim far beyond a solid *10s. 6d.* laid out in one of these sturdy, practical, and wholly seductive soft leather cinchures. Of a truth there are few stranger things than modistic economics as expounded by the average English taste and intelligence.

Tooled Leather Belts.

But to return from this discursive flight. The little thing to be disclosed is the tooled leather belt, verily an adorable departure, and maintaining for the moment the finest exclusive note. The very simplest costume with one of these belts and a harmonizing hat or toque proclaims at once the undeniable note of chic. Thus, with a mole-grey cloth skirt, surrounded by a bolero or short sacque of "taupé," there could be worn a little white Liberty satin shirt, elaborately befrilled with lace about the wrists, drooping long and full in front over a tooled green leather belt. The crowning triumph found one of the new long narrow toques—torpedo, so called—of green plush cloth, the upturned crown of mole plush topped by a band of silver galon, and one of very closely pleated green chiffon.

Evening gowns are most beautiful and

efforts are being made to bring the princess robe back into favour. A most praiseworthy effort in this direction shows the skirt so cut as to come right up to the bust, the corsage consisting of little more than a berthe of lace, and appliqué flowers of white cloth, with jewelled centres.

Worthy of mention is a second princess gown. This is fashioned from black net and bears an all-over design in glittering jet, about the feet coming frills of accordion-pleated chiffon edged with ruching; the décolletage introducing a deep, pointed berthe of net embroidered with silver paillettes, jet and

A regal dinner gown is inspired by black velvet, heavy écarpi guipure, and Russian sables, a frock of ethereal chiffon blanc suggesting a winter scene in fairyland, by reason of its garniture of ermine.

The well-dressed woman of to-day no longer desires slavishly to imitate a fashion; she wishes to go still further and create something distinctive for herself; and this is a difficult task in a world where we are assured there is nothing new under the sun.

Light hued chiffon veils, with chenille spots and bordered with a line of spots, are seen everywhere, the very palest blue being con-

A CLEVER CRITICISM.

HOW EVERY WOMAN CAN BE WELL DRESSED.

The pity of it all is that woman, in her pursuit of the beautiful in dress, never studies it from the standpoint of common sense. The end and object of it all, to present one's personality in its most attractive guise, is common to the entire sex, but attainment is reserved for the few. Possibly this arises from the fact that though we may be fully alive to our attractions, we show a lamentable ignorance of our defects, and that a full realisation of both is indispensable to success in this all important matter.

Slovenliness.

For all important it is, though many may rank it amongst the trivialities, and possibly the snares of life! The self-respecting woman is the well-dressed woman, presenting in herself an object of respect to others. An express age, so to speak, judges one by the outward adornment of one's person rather than the inmost virtues of one's soul, and possibly does not go far wrong in taking the former as an index to the latter, for slovenliness of body is very nearly allied to slovenliness of mind, and though many mental qualifications may rank with the latter, they are not of the order which conduces most to the comfort or success of our own lives or the lives dependent on us.

Relating to Fashion.

Even as I write I hear you preparing to combat my point of view with the argument that to be well dressed is only within the range of the few, and in answer I am prepared to assert that it is within the range of all—provided that the matter is approached from the standpoint of common sense. Failure is due, not to want of money, but to want of appreciation of our own merits or demerits, and to a certain slavish order of mind which makes us blindly follow fashion because it is fashion, without seriously considering whether it is the fashion for us.

Artiste versus the Dressmaker.

Here, of course, lies the difference between the dressmaker and the artiste in dress. The purses of the many are not long enough for the demands of the latter, and therefore it is the more incumbent on the majority to study seriously the requirements of their own physique, so that they may supply to the dressmaker the want which is so costly in the hands of the artiste, namely, the knowledge of certain inviolable lines on which their clothing must be built, and to which the reigning fashion must inevitably give way.

Slavish Imitation

So common a failing is this that I could quote frequent instances of women who, struck by the appearance of some actress or other notability, rush wildly to their dressmakers and order a facsimile dress to the one they have seen and admired, and who cannot understand, when they themselves wear it, why it should look so different. Even a lengthy survey of themselves in their pier-glasses does not tend to bring home the fact that what has been designed to enhance the attractions of the other woman is merely an accentuation of defects in themselves. Self-analysis is a severe and uncompromising, is the only remedy. Are we tall and slim, or are we short and stout, long in the neck or bull-throated, high in the shoulders or sloping, short-waisted or long-legged? Once having taken the lesson of our characteristics entirely to heart, we must never lose sight of them whilst arranging our wardrobes. The rest becomes easy, for then common sense comes to our help and dictates the lines we shall follow for our own personal glorification and success.



DIRECT FROM PARIS.

Supremely smart is the toilette to the left of white cloth, ermine and mole-coloured velvet; the fur set high about the skirt in the now approved manner, and employed as a long-shouldered empiece on the corsage.

The long full sacque worn by the companion figure is of biscuit cloth, inset with coarse biscuit lace, and completed by a beautiful stole of sable, the ends fitted with ermine and sable tails.

fine pearls, and edged with a fringe of jet beads, from the centre of the bust falling sprays of silver flowers and leaves. Again most lovely is a frock of soft ivory satin, the skirt veiled by an over-dress of mousseline de soie, stamped with big white velvet marguerites, simply gathered at the waist and finished with frills and ruchings of chiffon at the feet. The corsage pounces above a high centre of swathed satin, and has a berthe of wide, corn-coloured lace, intermingled with narrow lines of dentelles noires and festoons of white daisies.

considered the most recherché shade. A veil in this should be of such dimensions as to allow of its being looped through at the back, leaving good ends, which ends are sometimes additionally adorned by a black lace appliqué. Others of novel quality possess a small spray in white, apparently painted, a tiny chenille spot occurring in the centre of the flowers. The idea again is revived in Paris of using a black lace veil as the sole trimming for a hat which has a low crown and flat brim. The veil is simply gathered round the crown, to fall in full, deep flounces at the back.

A Guide to the West End Dress Ateliers.

TO-DAY'S SHOPPING.

THOMAS & SONS,

OF 32, BROOK-STREET.

With the winter season comes hunting and the consideration of a new habit. And possibly none save the genuine Diana can fully appreciate how authoritative a voice this Brook-street firm raises in the matter of cut and style.

It is becoming quite traditional, indeed, for the hunting woman to go and chat with Mr. Thomas early in the season for such small changes in point of detail as may be likely to occur. She is wise, moreover, who abides by such advice as is amiably imparted by one who has the alpha and omega of the work at his finger tips.

Emanating most emphatically from Thomas is the return of the closer-fitting coat. Though this is by no means the coat of old, with double-breasted fronts, but rather the new, more familiar model with a three-seam back, which is fitted closer, while the fronts just define the figure, remaining sufficiently free to be thrown open if desired, a feat of course impossible with the other. Thus has the happy mean been again most successfully attained, and the fitted coat for the present season scores a complete triumph in every way. There is practically no departure in material or colour, these holding good in an Oxford and Cambridge melton in three qualities, the lightest invariably building the coat, while the heavy-weight is the wisest choice for the woman who means business in the case of the habit.

Every one who has tried it, eulogises in glowing colours the Thomas safety habit, proclaiming this the perfection of comfort and practicability. Nor is the least of its virtues to be found in the fact that the appearance is equally presentable off as on the saddle.

In waistcoats, and the vest necessarily holds good with a single-breasted coat, there is a delightful choice of neat neutral checks. And Thomas is making these rather longer than formerly, cutting them away just below the last button. The woman who knows, also mostly elects to complete her hunting attire by a Nimrod cravat—another exclusive speciality of the house situated at 32, Brook-street.

WINTER FOOTGEAR

AT THE LONDON SHOE COMPANY.

With the now accepted advent of the short skirt perfect footwear becomes a paramount point of interest to the well-dressed woman, and has opened up a new and enlarged field

of enterprise to those directly interested, among whom we may place the great, in a sense, wholesale establishment of the London Shoe Company.

Pending the advent of this establishment practically no men, and very few women, valuing in any sort a really well-turned-off appearance dreamt of wearing a ready-made boot. But other times, other ways, so now, thanks to the untiring energy of this company, who have contrived to gauge the various sizes and forms that obtain, we are only too genuinely thankful to get through the business quietly and satisfactorily, as one may at these obliging salons, the addresses whereof are 116, New Bond-street; 129, Sloane-street, and 123-125, Queen Victoria-street.

An especially attractive boot there, either lace or button, in calf kid with blacking leather golosh, is to be especially recommended by reason of its neat seasonable appearance. It is the useful everyday knock-about boot, and almost amounts to a bargain at 18s. 9d. Also to be noted with immediate interest by the horsewoman is a top-boot in patent or tan calf of guaranteed quality, and therefore unequalled at the price of 35s. 6d. For more all-round sporting purposes, such as golf, hockey, shooting, etc., the Field boot is in capital style. Sturdily built, with a buckled gaiter attached, it is nevertheless the perfection of neatness.

In evening footwear, the latest departure is found in a satin shoe trimmed with Irish silk embroidery, hand-made, and a complete novelty. One that may be had in self-colours, or white on a black background, and, as pretty and dainty a soulier as anyone could desire. Nor must there be passed over without comment the fact that really excellent satin shoes are supplied here at 4s. 11d., and can be specially built to order to match particular costumes at a like price.

MAPLE AND CO.

TWENTY-ONE THOUSAND BEDS.

A choice of the century and fully characteristic of Messrs. Maple. As may be well imagined, these comprise practically every style, size, and shape of bed, an order altogether too large to touch in detail. Suffice it to say, then, that one of the newest and most attractive styles in brass is rendered distinctive by square tubes, supremely severe in style, and consequently most pleasing to the eye. Nor does a twin dwarf pair lose any of their comfort through being hung low, since the box springs are sunk to suit their height; a departure devised to meet the exigencies of low country houses, and one already meeting

the best appreciation at many representative hands.

A very special feature obtains for the moment in some admirable reproductions of Sheraton furniture, these comprising the dearest old-fashioned dressing-tables with long low mirrors, serpentine-fronted wardrobes, the panels of plum-pudding mahogany, inlaid with ebony and satinwood, bow-fronted chest of drawers, all the old handle and mounts faithfully reproduced. But so perfectly carried out are these pieces, both in colour and design, it is extremely doubtful whether anyone save an expert would detect their counterfeit presentment.

REPRESENTATIVE COSTUMES

AT SWAN AND EDGAR'S, PICCADILLY.

There is always such a plethora of persuasive choice here, that it is, in a measure, a relief to concentrate on one department, and a quite particular piece of luck when this chance is to be that one devoted to costumes—which stands unique in its way. From the most exclusive French models to useful little knock-about suits the latest dictates of La Mode are singularly well maintained, and only such a thoroughly comprehensive firm could afford to produce a really smart little costume, after the style of the one depicted here, at the popular price of four and a half guineas.

It surely behoves us to pause before such enterprise, for this is far removed from the ordinary model, boasting as it does the very smartest silhouette; one disdaining the assistance of a mass of superfluous decoration, the which we have learnt is more often than not merely a blind to hide an inferior cut and style. As sketched, the suit is privileged to tell its elegant story in a curiously soft shade of red cloth, the little bolero, with its fashionable square cut long shoulder empicement, thrown back with corners of white cloth, decked with clusters of round gilt buttons. While the fronts open upon the original feature of a black cloth vest, that closes almost up to the throat, with the same gilt buttons, and the generous sleeves resolve, as is the delightful vogue of the moment, into puffed frills of white silk lawn. In fact, every detail and feature is worthy a creation double the sum asked.

With Prince's and the other ice rinks once again in full swing, it will be interesting to the devotees of the sport, to learn that at Messrs. Swan and Edgar's there are some fascinating and at the same time perfectly practical costumes, especially designed to meet skating exigencies. Notably an ivory cloth, the skirt and easy pouching bolero

alike decked with short detached straps of moleskin fur, caught down at either end by small gold buttons.

In evening confections there is an exceptional choice, ranging from beauteous mouseline de soie and lace affairs that run, and justifiably, into two figures, so simply exquisite are they both in design and execution, to simple little frocks for debutantes, who for four and a half guineas are put into possession of the daintiest kilted brilliant dress, lined silk, the corsage completed by a quaint pointed pelerine fichu of soft lace, and the whole perfectly ready to be stepped into; a condition calculated to enhance the charms of even a dull frock. And dullness and dowdiness are unknown quantities at the house of Swan and Edgar, Regent-street.



SKETCHED AT SWAN & EDGAR'S.

STAGG & MANTLE.

Special Value in ACCORDION PLEATINGS.

18in. to 20in. ACCORDION-PLEATED SILK CHIFFON, 6d. per yard, in Black, White, and Every only.
20in. ACCORDION-PLEATED SILK CHIFFON, 9d. per yard, in Black, White, Cream, and all colours.
20in. BIJOU ACCORDION-PLEATED SILK BRILLIANT, 10d. per yard, in Black, White, Cream, and colours.
20in. BIJOU ACCORDION-PLEATED SILK CHIFFON, 1/2 per yard, in Black, White, and Cream only.
44in. BIJOU ACCORDION-PLEATED SILK BRILLIANT, 1/1 per yard, in Black, White, Cream, and colours.
Pleated Natural Japanese Silk, 27in. 1/6; 30in. 1/6; and 1/11. Shaded Silk Brilliant Pleatings, exclusive novelty, 21/11; 44in. 2/11; per yard; in a variety of delightful colourings, very popular for evening dress and amateur theatricals.

The
Parisienne
Robe,
23/11



The "PARISIENNE."

STYLISH UNMADE SKIRT, as open as able, with a plain front panel set in by rows of insertion. The Apron is profusely trimmed with graduated frills and diamonds of lace. Produced in Japan or French Natural Japanese Silk, with White or Coffee Lace. Price 23/11. Silk and Lace for Blouse, 2/11 extra. In Pink, Sky, Turquoise, and Eau de Nil, trimmed Coffee Blouse, 2/11 extra. In Black, with Black Silk Lace, 2/11; Silk and Lace for Blouse, 4/11 extra.

THE LARGEST
AND MOST EXCLUSIVE
COLLECTION OF
CREPE DE CHINES,
CHIFFONS, AND
UNMADE SILK ROBES
IN LONDON.

Illustrated Catalogue
of Fashions post free
on application.



The "DIAPHANOUS." 35/9.

A DELIGHTFUL ROBE in rich quality JAPANESE SILK, copied from French Model, made with a finely gauged Hip-Yoke. Apron trimmed with sets of graduated gaugings, finished at foot with full Bullionaise Ruche. In Natural Japanese Silk, 35/9. In Black, Sky, Pink, Turquoise, and Eau de Nil, 37/6. The Silk can be supplied, already gauged for the formation of the Blouse. Price in Natural, 9/11; Colours, 10/9; Black, 11/9.

The "BAL MASQUE," 21/9.

A Dainty ACCORDION-PLEATED SKIRT, produced in Japanese Silk, finished at foot with Bullionaise Ruche, suitable for ordinary Evening Wear or Dancing. Price in Natural, 21/9. Black and Colours, 23/9. An Illustration, with Patterns of quality, on application.

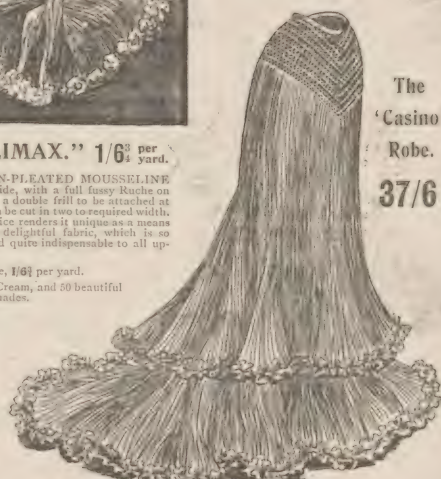
The Skirts here Illustrated are unmade, requiring only to be joined down the back seam for completion.



The "CLIMAX." 1/6³ per yard.

AN ACCORDION-PLEATED MOUSSELINE DE SOIE, 20 in. wide, with a full fuzzy Ruche on each edge, enabling a double full to be attached at one operation, or can be cut in two to required width. The popularity of price renders it unique as a means of introducing this delightful fabric, which is so much associated, and quite indispensable to all up-to-date confections.

Price, 1/6³ per yard.
In Black, White, Cream, and 50 beautiful shades.



The "CASINO."

AN ACCORDION-PLEATED SKIRT of superior quality JAPANESE SILK, the Apron being separately pleated from Flounce, which is attached to a plain Jap. under-apron, the whole being set in Hip Yoke of imitation entre-deux-stitch, Apron and Flounce trimmed at foot with heavy Bullionaise Ruche. Produced in Ivory, 37/6; in Black and Colours, 39/6.

STAGG & MANTLE, Leicester Square, London, W.

Children's Fancy Dress, Practical Fashion Notes.

CHILDREN'S FANCY DRESS.

SEVERAL PRACTICAL AND PRETTY SUGGESTIONS.

THE first step, which is too often omitted with disastrous results, is to eye the future wearers with a view to deciding which type of historical hero or fairy-tale heroine they are most suited by virtue of their general manner and appearance to represent, a method which speedily divides the nursery or schoolroom party into the dignified, the merry, the comic, and so on, the parts they are to play being apportioned accordingly.

Thus may a small schoolboy with a chubby face and thick-set athletic little figure, who rebels at being forced into representing Charles I., Little Lord Fauntleroy, or a Court page all satin and lace, deeply resentful of "being made a fool of before the other boys," consent with satisfaction to appear before the world arrayed as Napoleon with high black Wellington boots, white buckskin breeches, a black coat with red collar, cuffs, and facings, and a tricoloured rosette in his historic black felt hat. Accompanied by a small sister garbed as Madame Sans Gêne in a high-waisted pale-blue crêpe de Chine gown, with a necklace of cameos, flat shoes, and no petticoats; her hair dressed in the classic fashion, with bunches of curls in front of either ear, and a similar bunch caught on the top of her head to fall over a golden fillet. She should not forget to take her washing bill!

Child Couples.

Whenever possible it is an excellent plan to send the children dressed in couples to accord after this manner, since they make a far prettier and more effective picture than would, for instance, a shy-looking Cardinal Richelieu escorting a dairymaid, or King Alfred with an Old Mother Hubbard.

Where expense is a matter for consideration, it should be remembered that a far better effect is obtained by simple costumes of inexpensive material well carried out than attends on misdirected efforts to manufacture at home and with cheap materials garments which should only be attempted by a skilful costumer.

Novel Suggestion.

"A Harvester" makes a very attractive fancy dress, one, moreover, both picturesque and comfortable. He should wear corduroy breeches and gaiters, a pale blue shirt open at the throat to display a knotted handkerchief, and sleeves rolled up to the elbows, while a soft felt hat completes his attire, and under one arm he carries a bundle of straw. His little companion, as a "Country Girl," should wear a flowered cotton gown cut ankle length, with a décolleté bodice, completed by a white muslin fichu, a soft white apron de-

void of frills, and a huge straw hat tied with narrow ribbons, or a pink or lilac sun-bonnet. Thus attired, they would make a delightful couple.

A "Gnome" and a "Butterfly" make another charming scheme.

The butterfly might wear palest green muslin with a very frilly skirt to the knee, well set out by numerous petticoats, the pointed bodice bearing a huge butterfly in silver gauze in front, long hanging butterfly

A small Russian peasant child's dress is effective if presented after the fashion of that worn by Little Joseph in "Resurrection," which consisted of a blue cotton shirt open at the neck and funny trousers of fawn-coloured cloth bearing a big brown check. They should be rather ragged at the bottom, and the child's feet are bare.

"A Bridesmaid" is another excellent dress, and is pretty in a much frilled white muslin with a jasmine wreath in the hair, and a

CONCERNING CORSETS.

THE HYGIENE OF STRAIGHT FRONTS.

A GOLDEN rule to observe in the matter of dress is "keep the waist and the neck line clear and well defined." The first part of this injunction is largely affected by the corset worn, and so few women appear capable of exercising any discrimination where this most important article of feminine attire is concerned. They seem to fail to grasp the fact that the corset is the foundation upon which the entire fabric of fashion depends.

At the present moment everyone is agreed that the straight-fronted corset is the most hygienic, graceful, and becoming, but there are a million varieties, and it is essential to make a most careful selection. For instance, a stay that is admirably adapted to the requirements of a stout figure has the effect of caricaturing a slender one. In order to determine exactly what is wanted of a corset it is necessary to give an idea of the figure now approved la Mode.

The model drawn by every Fashion artist, without exception, shows a small waist, rounded hips, and a distinct bend behind, sloping shoulders, the chest thrown forward, and the bust in the place intended for it by Nature. English women are not, as a rule, troubled by a superabundance of hip, yet the stay affected by ninety out of every hundred is so planned as to flatten the form as much as possible, the result being that it gives the impression of being the same width all the way down, while the back appears lamentably in need of a kindly bustle. This is the fault of a wrongly-shaped corset.

Tight Lacing.

The human form divine is pliant and easily moulded, therefore immensely dependent upon proper stays. A slender woman should select a corset that, instead of causing her to seem angular and flat, makes her appear to possess a slim, prettily-curved outline. Then she will not convey the idea of being insufficiently developed, but merely to have retained a youthful figure.

The reason that tight-lacing has been so condemned is because the vital organs have been compressed. Such a model as is now worn encourages an appearance of roundness without compression, and after a time distinctly improves the figure of its wearer, who carries herself better and shows her

smart frocks to infinitely greater advantage.



TWO DESIRABLE BLOUSES.

Of Aubergine taffeta is the model to the left, laid in groups of small tucks, the front opening on a plastron of a paler shade, stitched with a double row of tiny silver buttons, clever cuffs corresponding. A delightful tabac brown taffeta blouse, the dett strapping caught with brown velvet buttons; vest and cuffs by deep saffron-coloured lace.

sleeves, and a second big butterfly perched on her curls. She would carry a silver wand round which a trail of convolvulus is wound, with tiny silver butterflies, attached by steel wires alighting upon it.

A couple of children in the dress of a hundred years ago create a very pleasing picture. The boy to wear a suit of brown holland, trousers cut rather short-reveal white stockings and black shoes, a pleated white linen collar at the throat, and a cap banded with shepherd's plaid ribbon, and bearing a shiny peak. The girl in a short-waisted frock of striped blue and white linen, with a blue silk ribbon sash, a low-cut neck finished off with a tiny turned down muslin collar, while flat bronze shoes, white stockings, and a single scanty petticoat complete her costume.

Now for some suggestions for dresses, which do not need a companion to render them distinctive, but must of necessity stand alone.

Of these, a "Vivandiere" is an excellent one to choose, carried out with a white cloth skirt to the knee, where it is met by high, black gaiters, a blue coat with epaulettes, and two deep tails behind, a horizontally striped red and white waistcoat, and a tricoloured sash at the right side. Powdered hair, worn in a queue tied with a black bow, and a red cap are the finishing touches required for this costume.

white tulle veil thrown up from the face. A large white bouquet tied with satin ribbons should be carried.

"A Blue Jacket" is a particularly favourite dress. The small wearer, preferably barefooted, carrying a tiny naval gun or a thick coil of rope.

A charming idea for a small skirt-dancer who is likely to be called upon to delight the company with an exhibition of her skill would be to go as "The Spirit of Dancing," in filmy yellow sun-rayed draperies over numerous fluffy-shaded yellow petticoats. A pointed bodice with long angel sleeves; golden tinsel wings springing from her shoulders, a tiny pair of similar wings in her hair, and golden shoes and stockings; or carried out in white and silver the scheme would be equally charming.

For quite tiny mites nothing is prettier than very fine white muslin frocks to the ankles, and a wreath of daisies or some other small flower in the hair and edging the little low-necked bodice, whilst a tiny white wand with a big flower on the top is held in the hand.

A gnome wears an orange-coloured trunk hose, black soft-soled boots reaching halfway to the knee, with pointed flaps in front. A short olive-green jacket, the sleeves terminating in two long hanging points over under-sleeves of coloured trunk hose, black black. The costume is delightfully quaint.



HARVESTER AND COUNTRY GIRL.

Price of flat pattern, 6d.; tacked up, 1s. 3/4d.



MADAME SANS GENE.

Price of flat pattern, 6s.; 1s. 3d. tacked up.



A GNOME.

Price of flat pattern, 6d.; tacked up, 1s. 3/4d.



Her Crowning Glory.

TWO things are essential in order that a woman's hair may be in truth her "crowning glory." One, that there will be a well kept, luxuriant growth; the other that it be becomingly dressed. Barring local maladies and hereditary shortcomings, there is no reason why every woman should not have beautiful hair. The system of nourishment in the hair is precisely the same as that which prevails in the body.

The hair is a tube, through which its nourishing oil circulates, after the manner of the blood which is pumped through the system by the heart. If the ends are split, this oil escapes, and the hair will not grow. To avert this catastrophe there is an infallible treatment.

The Singeing Process.

Separate the hair into small strands, and twist them tightly till they become about the size of the little finger. Hold the end of the strand with the left hand, and pass the right hand, closed, from the end to the roots. The split ends will all be brought out, and then with a lighted taper, move quickly up and down the strand, singeing the projecting ends. If the case is a bad one, this treatment should be given once a week for a time, and especially after a shampoo.

There are few people who know how to perform the function of the shampoo correctly. They saturate the hair with soap, leave it sticky, neither properly rinsed nor dried, and, in short, do more harm than good by their endeavours. Before shampooing the hair comb and brush it free from all tangles. Draw it to the top of the head, and let it fall into a basin of warm water, made soft by a pinch of borax.

Do not use soda, as that fades the hair and makes it brittle. Rub into the scalp a shampoo mixture, composed of the yolk of an egg, beaten up into an equal amount of warm water. The latter for the first washing is made by boiling soap shavings and mixing the result with the warm water in the basin ready for the shampoo.

To add Lustre to the Hair.

Do not be afraid to rub the hair. Scrub it as though it were a piece of linen. But be sure to squeeze all the soap out that is possible, and rinse the head and hair with warm water until there is not the slightest trace of soap left. Finally, rinse again in cold water, in which there are few drops of spirit, which adds lustre to the hair, and also acts as a preventive against colds. Now pin a heavy towel around the shoulders, and shake the hair over it. Dry it partly by rubbing it, but it is greatly to be desired that you devote a long time to the drying process. Artificial heat dries it much too quickly. The sun is good for the general condition of the hair, but it is not procurable in November.

Shampooing drives the natural oil away from the roots of the hair, so that vigorous massage and thorough brushing are neces-

sary to stimulate it to return. When the hair is naturally very dry, it is a good idea to put a few drops of brilliantine on the brush. Paraffin, in its natural state or refined, is an incomparable remedy for thin hair, but keep far away from hot irons or a fire after using it, unless you seek a tragedy, for it is terribly liable to catch fire. Vaseline is also beneficial when rubbed in after a shampoo, but unfortunately it discolours the scalp. Be sure to singe the ends according to former directions, also clipping and singeing the extreme ends held in a bunch, after the hair is well combed out. Divide the hair into strands, for the combing process, but not till it is entirely dry. The longer you can let the hair hang loose after a shampoo the better, during which time the oil is flowing back into the tubes. So much for correct shampooing, to be gone through once a month, and oftener if the head is exposed to much dust. There is a ridiculous notion that too frequent shampooing is injurious to the hair. Once a day would not be harmful, if the task were accomplished with absolute attention to all these details.

Dead Hairs.

If the hair begins to fall out, except as a result of illness, it is a sign that it is dying. Do not make the mistake of trying to keep the dead hairs on the head. The law of the universe is to remove an ended life, and dead hairs are a menace to the living ones. Remove them by hard brushing, and stimulate the roots for the growth of a healthy crop to come.

Pulling the hair firmly with the fingers, taking a handful at a time, is beneficial to it, and applications of water, first hot and then cold, prove an excellent tonic. Hot water rubbed into the scalp every morning with the tips of the fingers will increase the growth.

Your attention is directed to the remarkable novel which we shall publish on *feuilleton*, and which begins on page 17 of to-day's issue.

SIMPLE DISHES.

ROGNONS SAUTES EN CAISSES.

INGREDIENTS.—Three (or more) sheep's kidneys, one and a half ounces of butter, half an ounce of flour, one gill of gravy or brown sauce, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, a glass of port wine, salt and pepper, thin slices of bread, a small piece of shallot or onion.

Skin and core the kidneys and slice them very thinly. Sprinkle them with salt and pepper. Chop the shallot finely. Melt the butter in a small pan, put in the shallot and fry a golden brown.

Next add the kidneys and cook them gently for about five minutes, then put in the flour, stir it over the fire, and add the gravy and wine. Stir it again over the fire until the mixture boils, draw the pan to the side of the

stove and let it simmer gently for ten minutes. Then cut some thin rounds of bread to fit the ramaquin cases, one for each case. Fry the rounds of bread a golden brown in butter, put one in the bottom of each ramaquin case, fill it up with the kidney mixture, sprinkle a few browned crumbs and a little chopped parsley or truffle on the top and serve the dish as hot as possible.

PETITS GATEAUX GENEVOIS.

INGREDIENTS.—Four ounces of ground almonds, four ounces of castor sugar, one ounce of potato flour, one orange, three eggs, half a gill of cream, vanilla fancy cakes.

Well butter some small fancy cake tins. Dust them inside with sieved castor sugar and potato flour in equal proportions. Shake out what will not adhere to the buttered tin. Put the yolks of the eggs and sugar in a basin. Whisk them until they are thick and frothy. Mix the ground almonds with the strained juice of one orange and the grated rind of the same. Stir into these the sugar and eggs. Add the potato flour. If it is a small or dry orange more juice may be needed.

Whisk the whites very stiffly. Add them lightly. Fill the prepared tins half full. Bake them till set in a moderate oven. Allow them to cool a little, and turn them out carefully.

Remove a small piece from the centre of each cake. Put in a small spoonful of the cream, which should have been already whipped, sweetened, and flavoured. Place half a cherry on the top of the cream. The cream is to be added just before the cakes are sent in to tea.

BEUF A LA MAZARINE.

INGREDIENTS.—A fillet of beef, a small onion, stuck with four cloves, two onions, one carrot and turnip, a bunch of herbs, six pepper-corns, a wineglass of sherry, six slices of fat bacon, a macedoine of vegetables, glaze, one ounce of butter, one ounce of flour, salt and pepper.

Tie the fillet neatly into shape with string. Line the bottom of a stewpan with the slices of fat bacon and the two onions cut in slices. Put in the fillet and cook it over the fire for fifteen or twenty minutes. Next pour in enough good brown stock to barely cover it, also the wine; bring it to the boil, add the onion with the cloves, the carrot, turnip, and herbs. Put on the lid, and let the contents simmer gently for about two hours. Make the macedoine of vegetables hot in a little stock.

Melt the butter in a small saucepan, stir in the flour smoothly, then add gradually three-quarters of a pint of the stock in which the fillet is cooking. Stir the sauce over the fire till it boils, then add a small piece of glaze, and let the sauce boil quickly till it is reduced to half the original quantity. Season it nicely with pepper and salt. Arrange the fillet on a hot dish, pour over it the sauce, and heap the vegetables round.

POTATO CROQUETTES.

INGREDIENTS.—One pound of cooked potatoes, two raw eggs, half an ounce of butter, salt, pepper, bread crumbs, frying fat, parsley.

Have the potatoes as dry and floury as possible. Rub them through a sieve. Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the potatoes and make them hot. Take the pan off the fire, beat one yolk of egg well into the potatoes, season them carefully, and stir over the fire for three or four minutes. When cold, shape into small balls or cork shapes. Egg and crumb them twice.

Fry in plenty of very hot fat. Drain them on soft paper. Serve very hot on a lace paper with fried parsley.

A CHOICE OF DISHES.

BREAKFAST.

Oufs sur le Plat. Crêpinettes of Game.
Rognons sautés sur Caisnes.
Tomato Omelet. Fillets of Herrings Fried.
Scallops of Ham.

LUNCH.

Cock-a-Leekie. Parade de Choufleurs.
Mackerel à la Maitre d'Hotel.
Scotch Eggs. Eggs à la Bechamel.
Apple Fritters. French Pancakes.

Cold Dishes.

Rolled and Stuffed Loins of Mutton.
Galantine of Chicken.
Veal Cakes set in Jelly.
Hot Snoots. Cress Sandwiches.
Angel Cakes. Petits Gateaux Genevois.

DINNER.

Soups.
Consommé aux Nouilles.
Pâtage à la bonne femme.

Fish.

Filets de sole à la Duse. Eperlans en Caisnes.

Entrées.

Poulet à la Marengo. Bouef à la Mazarine.

Game.

Selle de Mouton rôti. Filets de Bouef à la Pompadour.

Vegetables.

Artichauts à la Lyonnaise. Pommes sautées.

Sweets.

Mousse au Curacao. Omelette Soufflée.

Savouries.

Bouchées au Caviar. Hachis de fromage.

Ice.

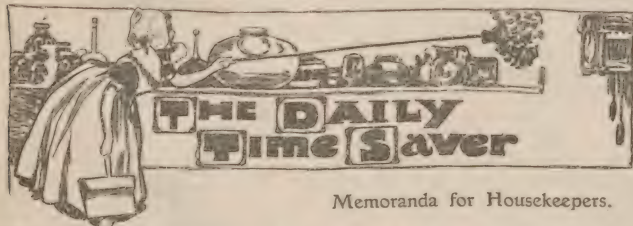
Neapolitaine.

FLOWERS IN SEASON.

Flowers for the Table.

Dahlias. Chrysanthemums. Mimosa.
Scarlet Veitchii. Smilax. Ivy.
Faded Bench Leaves.
Carnations can be purchased but are very expensive.

Violets are beautiful now. Orchids are costly.
Japanese Dwarf Trees. Pandanus.
Winter Cherries. Ferns. Phyllis.



Memoranda for Housekeepers.

The daily time-saver for housekeepers is intended to assist in the morning task of ordering the supplies for the day. Careful study of it will show that it has been so designed as to meet the requirements of those directing establishments conducted on a moderate scale of expense, as well as those on a grand scale.

The choice of dishes will be changed every day, and menus of any length can be easily drawn up from it. They will be specially devised to suit the needs of large and small families.

The lists were corrected at the various London markets on Tuesday evening.

THE DISH OF THE DAY.

No. 3.—FILETS DE SOLE A LA DUSE.

(By M. E. FERRASIO, Chef of Romano's Restaurant.)

Take a china fire-proof dish well buttered, lay on it two fileted soles well buttered, slice two fresh fonds d'artichokes and four fresh Paris mushrooms, lay them nicely on your filets of sole and season to taste.

Prepare a gold-coloured breadcrumb, add to it a little-chopped shallot, chervil, tarragon and thyme, sprinkle this on your fish, add two spoons of glacé de poisson (fish glaze), and the liquor of a pint of mussels.

Bake in a quick oven for ten minutes and serve at once with a squeeze of a lemon.

PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

Fish.

Smelts. Soles. Brill and Mackerel.
Cod. Turbot. Plaice. Halibut.
Haddocks. Lobsters. Scallops.

Crabs and Oysters.

Chickens. Turkey. Rabbits. Ducks.
Geese. Black Game. Grouse.
Hares. Ptarmigan. Snipe.

Teal. Wildgeon. Woodcock.
Mutton. Beef. Pork. Veal.

Meat.

Jerusalem Artichokes. Celery.
Cucumbers. Chervil. Shallot.
Onions—Cooking, Spanish, Pickling
and Spring.
Scotch Kale. Tomatoes. Spinach.

Vegetables.

Apples. Italian Figs.
Nuts of all kinds. Grapes. Melons.
Pineapples. Pomegranates. Quinces.

FRUITS IN SEASON.

PETER ROBINSON'S OXFORD ST. PETER ROBINSON'S OXFORD ST. PETER ROBINSON'S OXFORD ST. SALE THIS DAY

OF THE HIGH-CLASS STOCK OF Messrs. FRYER & JAUQUES

OF 18, BROOK STREET, NEW BOND STREET,
Who have held appointments to several members of
the Royal Family.

THE STOCK CONSISTS OF LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S, & CHILDREN'S HOSIERY, GLOVES, & UNDERWEAR, WHICH WILL BE OFFERED AT HALF THE USUAL PRICES. ALSO A SPECIAL SALE OF MANTLES & JACKETS.

The abnormal weather during the past few weeks has resulted in Manufacturers having a serious over-production of MANTLES and JACKETS, which has enabled us to secure large quantities of the current Season at all in the latest and most approved fashions, and this is an unusual opportunity of securing the same at very low prices. They can only be offered at a few of these special purchases, which consist principally of

BLACK AND COLOURED KID CLOTH and TWEED JACKETS at prices varying from 25/6 to 41/6 guineas, formerly from 3 to 4 1/2 guineas.

BLACK FLANEL AND SILK CLOTH, from 44/6 to 54 guineas, formerly from 4 to 10 guineas.

25/6 TWEED TRAVELLING CAPS, formerly 40/6.

BLACK AND COLOURED CLOTH JACKETS for Young Ladies from 12 to 16 years of age, 15/6 to 40/6, formerly 31/6 to 32 guineas.

SPECIAL SALE OF COSTUMES.

Exclusive and Elegant Models in TAILOR MADE AFTERNOON and RECEPTION GOWNS purchased in Paris and Vienna, 25/6 to 41/6 guineas. Paris and Vienna Gowns from 12/6 to 16 guineas.

48 BLACK FIGURED SILK NET OVERSHIRTS trimmed Satin Ribbon, and including Net and Ribbon for Bodice, all one price, 12/6, 11/6, usual prices 35/6, 11/6, to 42/6.

SPECIAL SALE OF PETTICOATS.

We have purchased the stock of one of the largest Petticoat Manufacturers in England, which comprises

870 HIGH QUALITY GLASS SILK PETTICOATS, all one price, 21/6 to 25/6.

510 FINEST QUALITY CREPE MORRIS PETTICOATS, Sale price 9/6, 11/6, usual price 12/6.

613 BEST QUALITY CREPE MORRIS PETTICOATS, Sale price 7/6, 11/6, usual price 9/6, 11/6, to 16/6.

SPECIAL SALE OF BLOUSES.

100 Models of Blouses purchased from the leading Paris Modistes, which we are now offering at less than half the usual prices. All the Blouses are

200 SILK AND CREPE DE CHINE BLOUSES, Sale price 15/6, 11/6, to 25/6, usual prices 21/6 to 35/6.

PETER ROBINSON'S OXFORD ST. PETER ROBINSON'S OXFORD ST. PETER ROBINSON'S OXFORD ST.

SPECIAL SALE OF LADIES' GLOVES.

340 DOZEN GENUINE LADIES' KID AND SUEDE GLOVES, in Black, Beavers, White and Colours, Sale price 2/6 per pair, usual price 3/11.

125 DOZEN LADIES' KID AND SUEDE GLOVES, Sale price 1/10, usual price 2/6 and 2/11.

95 DOZEN LADIES' 3-BUTTON SUEDE GLOVES, Sale price 2/11 for 3 pairs.

SPECIAL SALE OF GENT'S OUTFITTING.

75 DOZEN GENTLEMEN'S WHITE SHIRTS for Dress or Day wear, with one or two stud fronts, Sale price 3/6 for 10/6, 5/6, usual price 7/6.

51 DOZEN GENTLEMEN'S GREY FLANNEL UNDERWEAR, Vests or Pants, Winter weight, Sale price 5/6, 11/6, usual price 7/6.

550 SUITS GENTLEMEN'S CLOTH FLANNEL PYJAMAS, Sale price 12/6, 11/6, usual price 15/6.

48 GENTLEMEN'S DRESSING GOWNS for Winter wear in Grey, Brown, and Navy, Sale price 17/6, usual price 25/6, 5/6.

SPECIAL SALE OF UMBRELLAS.

OVER 2,000 LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S SILK UMBRELLAS, durable Leamington style covers, being the Manufacturers stock of silks, which are slightly imperfect and therefore not placed into ordinary stock, and including some of the richest qualities. Our own reliable make and highly recommended, Sale price 12/6, 11/6, to 16/6, usual prices 17/6, 11/6, to 25/6, 6/6.

SPECIAL SALE OF BLANKETS.

870 PAIRS BRAG WITNEY BLANKETS, being the surplus stock of an Eminent Manufacturer purchased at a considerable discount, Sale prices 6/6, 11/6, to 30s, per pair, original prices 8s, 11/6, to 37s, 6/6.

SPECIAL SALE OF DOWN QUILTS.

An unexpected frost on the 2nd inst. has in consequence of the mildness of the weather we have been able to purchase the whole of the Stock of a well-known Maker of Down Quilts, at an extraordinary discount, which will be offered for Sale at remarkably low prices.

1,000 DOWN QUILTS, all this Season's designs, Sale prices 7/11 to 8/6, regular prices 10/6 to 15/6.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

GRAND CHRISTMAS BAZAAR

NOW OPEN

IN THE BASEMENT SALOON.

which has recently been considerably enlarged, and now occupies

17,600 SQUARE FEET

OF FLOOR SPACE.

About double the size of former years, devoted exclusively to PRESENTS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. Great thought and care have been bestowed upon the selection of the numerous articles to be shown on view, and we can safely say that nowhere will you find a larger variety or better value.

PETER ROBINSON, LTD.,

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PETER ROBINSON, LTD.,

OXFORD ST.

News of Pastimes: Hunting, Golf, etc.

WITH THE HOUNDS.

OPENING MEET OF THE BELVOIR YIELDS THREE FOXES.

The opening meet of the Belvoir took place yesterday. According to time-honoured custom, the hounds met at Leadenham House.

The weather was delightfully fine, and a large gathering assembled at the tryst, including Mr. Griffith (who, in the absence of Sir Gilbert Greenall, was in command of the pack), the Hon. Maurice and Mrs. Gifford, Capt. and Mrs. Ellison, Capt. and Mrs. Pritchard, Major Longstaffe, Major Rennie, Col. Theobald, Capt. Steinmann, Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Swan, Mr. Edgar Lubbock, Mr. Ernest Chaplin, and Mr. R. D. Hoare.

Scent was not over good in the morning, but it improved as the afternoon advanced, and two most enjoyable runs were obtained.

One of these was with an outlying fox which hounds disturbed near to Byard's Leap Plantation. The fugitive ran very smartly towards Caythorpe Heath, and eventually hid himself down in a hedgerow, being dead beaten. On the approach of the pack, however, he struggled into Sparrow Gorse, where he was rolled over.

Even a better gallop was obtained from Frieston Plantation, but it was of a twisting nature, and reynard managed to shake off his pursuers in the neighbourhood of the starting place.

Altogether three foxes were killed during the day.

With the Cottesmore.

The Cottesmore were at Tilton yesterday, and a large field was out. Nothing much was done, however, and the greater part of the day was spent in Tilton Wood. For once in a way there was a cloudless sky throughout the day.

Mr. Otho Paget's beagles were also out at Loseby yesterday, and pulled down a hare after a good forty minutes in the morning, whilst another gave them plenty of steady hunting during the afternoon.

Hunting has now fairly started in Herefordshire.

The North Herefordshire held the opening meet in the beautiful grounds of Hampton Court, the residence of the Lord Lieutenant, and there was a large field, including the new master, Mr. Courage, Lady Florence King-King, the Misses King-King, the Misses Arkwright, Capt. Heygate, and others.

The West Herefordshire met at Lynhales, the residence of Mr. Stephen Robinson, and inquiry was given to the occasion by the presence among the company of Mr. J. S. Arkwright, M.P. for Hereford, and Miss Helen Muriel Robinson, daughter of the host. Some arrangements have just been made known.

The South Herefordshire opened the season at Aramstone.

A Run in the Rain.

Tiverton Foxhounds had their opening meet in the most wretched weather, though the rain did not prevent a large field assembling.

It included the master, Mr. Unwin, Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, Miss Amor, Miss Seymour, Mr. and Miss Boles, Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Hancock, the Misses D. W. and Miss North Rowe, Mr. and Miss March Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Archer, and others.

Hounds found at Sowden, but after a short run scent was lost. Horses soon began to show signs of fatigue, for the ground was very heavy. There are signs of a plentiful supply of foxes in this country.

Surrey Stag-hounds.

The heavy condition of the ground has compelled the Surrey Stag-hounds, which cover a large part of Surrey, Sussex, and Kent, to suspend hunting for the present. The Master, Captain McTaggart, has lately been indisposed, but hopes to be in the saddle again by the time the country rights itself.

Warwickshire's Opening Meet.

There was a glorious hunting morning for the opening meet of the Warwickshire Hounds at Stoneleigh Deer Park yesterday. Lord Leigh was away from home, or the tryst would have been, as usual, on the lawn at Stoneleigh, with the hunt breakfast for the field.

The Master, Mr. J. P. Arkwright, was surrounded by well-known supporters of the hunt, including Lord Algonquin Percy, Mr. R. M. Lakin and Miss Lakin, Colonel Quayle, Mr. J. C. B., commanding Sixth Regimental District; Mr. Ferdinand Arkwright, Mr. Captain Emmet, Captain and Mrs. Lean, Captain Rothwell, Mr. A. De Laske, and a great number of carriage folk.

A fox was found and killed near Kenilworth.

The Heythrop's Opening.

The opening meet of the Heythrop Hounds took place yesterday at the residence of the master, Mr. Albert Brassey, M.P., Heythrop House, and everyone in the district who was able to ride joined the field.

The hounds never seriously got away, and the sport was almost entirely confined to the pack.

A large number accepted the hospitality of the genial Master at the hunt breakfast. The house party consisted of: Mr. Brassey, Miss May Brassey, Miss Violet Brassey, Gen. Bingham, Major the Hon. and Lady Eleanor Blyth, Lieut. Wingfield, Mr. Algonquin Rushout, Mr. F. Manners Sutor, and others.

LADIES AT GOLF.

A DEVON VICTORY IN THE INTER-COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP.

Play in the semi-final stage of this tournament was resumed yesterday at Sunningdale, when Devonshire met Worcestershire. The weather was much better than on the opening day, but the course still held a lot of water owing to the heavy overnight rain.

As anticipated the Devonians proved victorious, but the Northern champions made a good fight, and were only beaten by one point, Devonshire winning 41 matches to 34.

The leading couple were Miss E. Morant (Devonshire) and Miss E. Brown (Worcestershire). The last-named played a steady game, and, after being dumpy one, halved the last hole, where both were bunkered. Miss Brown thus won by a hole, and immediately gave Worcestershire the lead.

Miss P. C. Collett (Devonshire) started badly against Mrs. Bewlay (Worcestershire), but good putting enabled her to secure a three holes lead. Going to the penultimate hole, Miss Collett pitched into the bunker, with her third, but got out to within a yard and a half of the hole and won the match by 2 up and 1 to play.

Mrs. Holcroft (Worcestershire) was weak on the greens, and although the Hon. Lois Yarde-Buller was not playing so well as on the previous day, she won by 6 and 4.

Miss Foster (Worcestershire) next beat Mrs. Wingfield Stratford (Devonshire), and, with half the couples in, the match was all even.

The next match resulted in another point for Devonshire, Miss Hopkins beating Miss J. Brown by 3 and 2.

Miss Spear (Worcestershire) halved with Mrs. Bowler (Devonshire), but Miss D. Spear (Worcestershire) was easily defeated by Mrs. Wood (Devonshire), who played a particularly strong game on the outward journey, and won by 5 and 3.

Mrs. Dryer-Bennett (Worcestershire) opened her match with a win at the first hole, and having the strength of her opponent all through, beat Miss D. Compton Lundie by 4 and 2.

Details:—

WORCESTERSHIRE.	Matches.	DEVONSHIRE.	Matches.
Miss E. Brown	1	Miss E. Morant	0
Mrs. Bewlay	1	Miss P. C. Collett	1
Mrs. Holcroft	0	Hon. Lois Yarde-Buller	1
Miss Foster	1	Mrs. Wingfield Stratford	0
Miss J. Brown	0	Mrs. Hopkins	1
Mrs. Wood	1	Miss D. Spear	0
Mrs. Dryer-Bennett	1	Mrs. Bowler	0
		Mrs. Wood	0
Total	31	Miss D. Compton Lundie	0
		Total	41

To-day Kent meet Worcester.

The monthly medal competition of the Mid-Surrey Ladies' Golf Club was held yesterday at C. H. Deer Park, Richmond. Miss Sparrow won the senior trophy with the excellent score of 84-1=85. Mrs. Vertue being second with 87 net. The junior trophy fell to Miss G. Sharpe, with 106-24=82.

'VARSITY OARSMEN.

The rowing season has been in full swing at both Oxford and Cambridge for some weeks, but actual racing does not commence until to-morrow, when the "University Fours" begin and continue over the two following days. Floods have interfered with strict coaching this year, and both Isis and Cam, so form is not quite up to the usual standard.

At Oxford four colleges will be represented, viz., New, Balliol, Magdalen, and University. New have won the race for two years past, but are now likely to strike their colours to Balliol, who have A. K. Graham at stroke, and the "Diamond Sculls" winner of the past two years, F. S. Kelly, rowing No. 3. Graham stroked the Leander crew to victory in the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley a year ago, and will probably be stroke of the Dark Blue University crew against Cambridge next spring.

At Cambridge, Third Trinity, who have also won two years in succession, are again very strong. Three Old Blues are rowing—R. H. Nelson (stroke), J. Edwards-Moss, and E. B. Thomas. The four-oared "Fours" are intended for last season's Eton captain, R. V. Powell, but he had to retire for the time being owing to an attack of influenza, and will probably be stroke of the attack of influenza.

Trinity Hall, First Trinity, Lady Margaret B.C., and Caius College are the other competitors. At both "Varsities" the work of testing candidates for the Trial Eights next month has been proceeding apace. Neither side of learning will have many Old Blues available for the annual coxed race on the "Twines" next spring. R. H. Nelson "goes down" at the end of this term, and leaves only President Edwards-Moss and Secretary Thomas of last year's crew, while as far as is known the Dark Blue President, E. G. Monier Williams, will only have two tried oarsmen besides himself to depend upon, viz., F. T. Kelly and A. K. Graham.

RACING AT BIRMINGHAM.

There was again some good racing at Birmingham yesterday, when the two days' meeting concluded. No fewer than seventy-nine horses ran in the six events. Results:—

Race.	Horse.	Rider.	Price.
Lord Mayor's (15) Stairs	Hayley	100 to 7	
Atherstone (12) ...	Myrcia	100 to 7	
Autumn (10) ...	Cottager	3 to 1	
Perth (20) ...	McClellum	100 to 1	
Southall (14) ...	Acrore	200 to 1	
Kilnchill (5) ...	Belliver Tor	6 to 2	

The result of the Melbourne Cup, decided yesterday, was—Lord Cardigan, 1; Wakeful, 2; Seaport, 3. The principal meeting to-day is at Northampton, when the following horses appear to have chances:—Jockey Club Plate—Cappan White; Castle Ashby Handicap—Vidame; St. Crispin Nursery—Ticket of Leave; Nene Welter—Mafra.

The Liverpool Cup.

Burrows was again a firm favourite yesterday at 9 to 2 against. Bechler's Button joined Grey Tick on the eighth to 2 against, and the former, who ran third for the Manchester Cup, won by Zinfandel at the Whitstable meeting, now meets with genuine support. Palmy Days, trained by Peacock at Middleham, and Happy Slave each closed at hundred to nine.

A Rugby football match will be played next Sunday in the Park of Salswood, near between the Stade Francaise and the Surrey (Surrey) first fifteen.

IN THE MOTOR WORLD.

THE TSAR'S SPLENDID GIFT OF AN ENGLISH CAR.

Princess Andreas of Greece is the newest recruit to the ranks of lady automobilists. Until the day of her wedding, when she and her husband started off on their honeymoon in the motor-car presented to them by the Tsar of Russia, the Princess had never been for a drive in a motor vehicle, and she at once fell a victim to its delights.

The car in question is a 12-h.p. Wolseley wagonette, a type which has just been brought out by the Wolseley Company. It is also supplied with a movable top for use in winter or wet weather, and to ensure perfect steadiness and comfort, when this is in use, the wheel base has been built of exceptional length with very long springs.

There are several new points about the mechanism, including the new Wolseley carburettor with auxiliary automatic air inlet, which makes the Tsar's gift a suitable one for the introduction of a novice to motoring.

It is a compliment much prized by English manufacturers that the car supplied to the order of a foreign potentate for a German couple has been built in this country.

A Motoring Duchess.

Since her operation the Duchess of Sutherland has quite given up hunting, and has gone in for motoring instead, taking it up as enthusiastically as she has already done every form of sport, so that not even a number of fines for reckless driving have affected her ardour.

The Duchess of Sutherland, who has charming manners and a bewildering smile, as well as great beauty, was the youngest bride of her season, being married on her seventeenth birthday, so that her first book, "What I did on my twenty-first birthday," was written by a comparatively mature matron. Since then she has written others, and she gives up a great deal of her time to good works.

Ladies' Automobile Club.

The credit of the organisation of the Ladies' Automobile Club is due to the enterprise of the three vice-presidents, Lady Cecil Scott-Montagu, Lady Beatrice Rawson, and Mrs. Gerard Leigh. All three ladies are ardent automobilists, who took up motoring in its earliest days.

Lady Cecil Scott-Montagu, who is the wife of Mr. John Scott-Montagu, M.P., one of the most prominent men in the automobile world, possesses no car of her own, but drives her husband's twenty-two-h.p. light Daimler, a very fast and powerful car, which did so well during the Irish fortnight last July.

Lady Beatrice Rawson has had several cars, and at the present time drives a ten-h.p. Panhard, having previously driven a seven-h.p. car of the same type.

An Energetic Automobilist.

Mrs. Gerard Leigh, the third vice-president of the Ladies' club, is a most enthusiastic motorist, but by reason of the fact that she has never taken part in any public event, be it speed trial, hill-climbing contest or race, her name is not well-known in the motoring world.

She began her motoring career with a 15-h.p. C.G.V. car, which she has driven ever since, and covered a great many hundred miles. She now resides at Kidbrooke Park, near Forest Row, in Sussex, which is within an easy drive of London, and which journey she has frequently performed on her car.

The Club Committee.

The committee of the Ladies' Automobile Club is a very large and influential one, as befits the most exclusive 'ladies' club' in London. Among its members are the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Derby, Lady Dudley, Lady Howe, Lady Carnarvon, Lady Warwick, Lady Maud Warrender, Lady Wolverton, and Mrs. Arthur Paget.

The club is not merely a social club, but promoted in the interests of automobilism. At the present time the number of members is nearly two hundred. Election is by no means a very easy matter, as every candidate must be personally known to some member of the committee, or member of the club.

The committee meets fairly often, when new members are elected. Consuelo Duchess of Manchester has just joined, and other members are the Duchess of Manchester, Lady Loring, Mrs. Tatton Egerton, Lady Sassoon, Miss Muriel Wilson, Lady Margaret Jenkins, and Miss Mary Portman.

Readers of this column are invited to write to "The Motoring Editor," the "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-street, E.C., for any advice they desire; and records of interesting races or other experiences will be very welcome for publication chiefly in the interests of lady motorists.

The Ladies' hockey match between Wimbledon and Harrow, which should have taken place at Wimbledon Park yesterday, had to be postponed owing to the sudden nature of the ground.

In addition to the South Africans, a team of Indian cricketers will visit this country next season. The arrangements are in the hands of Mr. Sewell, of the Essex County Club.

With only three weeks' racing between now and the close of the season, it is most probable that Sir J. Miller (the owner of Rock Sand, winner of the Derby) will finish up the principal wins of the season. Up to the present Sir James's horses have won fourteen races, the value of which amounts to £24,608. Mr. J. Gubbins is second on the list, his 12 races realising £18,667. Third comes Mr. L. de Rothschild, who has won £17,476. Third principally to the nine successes of that speedy two-year-old, Lord Frezen, Mr. Major E. Loder has won £15,577, and Mr. W. Bass a total of £14,500.

MARSHALL AND SNELGROVE.

NEW BELTS.

HANDSOME MILITARY SASH BELT,

In plain or mixed colours, Swiss shape at back, fastening at side with stylish silk cord tassels.

21s.

NEW SASH BELT,

Made with folded band of Black Glacé Silk, pointed at back, and full ends to match,

4s. 6d.

THE NEW RUCKING BELT,

In perfectly soft Leather, in White, Red, Green, Brown, Navy, Grey, and Black,

2 3/4 inches wide, 10s. 6d.

4 1/4 " " 14s. 6d.

THE POPULAR FRENCH BELT,

In Black Silk with Corded Design, Swiss shape at back and elastic sides,

6s. 6d.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE, LIMITED,

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In any coloured cloth, with black or white mount, price 21/9.

MADAME VALÉRIE announces her return from Paris with the latest Creations in AUTUMN MILLINERY, having secured the services of Monsieur from the leading Paris Houses. She has now "les derniers cris" in Hats and Bonnets at her Showrooms, at her usual moderate prices. SCENTED VELLIN 4/7 each. Great selection of FURS. Renovations a Speciality.

Milinery sent on Approval upon Receipt of London Trade Reference; or Deposit.

10 Guinea

WEDDING TROUSSEAU.

MARVELLOUS VALUE.

ILLUSTRATED LIST FREE.



One of the items—NIGHTDRESS, 9/11. H. C. RUSSELL, SIDNEY PLACE and WARDOUR STREET, W. (Near Piccadilly Circus.)

The Metrostyle Pianola

The Pianola is an instrument which enables anyone to play the piano and to retain full control over expression.



Paderewski's authorisation.
"The line on this roll indicates the tempo according to my interpretation."
I. J. PADEREWSKI."



Moszkowski's authorisation.
"The tempo indicated on this roll of music for the Pianola has been marked by me, and it is in the way that this composition should be interpreted."
MAURICE MOSZKOWSKI."



Bauer's authorisation.
"The tempo style line on this line indicates my interpretation."
HAROLD BAUER."



"The Pianola is almost human in its rendition of music. The Metrostyle places the Pianola beyond all competitors. It makes the Pianola interesting and instructive to pianists, as well as to those who cannot play the piano. The Metrostyle will enable anyone to play the rolls that I mark in the tempo of each composition as I interpret them."
JOSEF HOFMANN."



"What a wonderful instrument! I have heard many piano-playing attachments, but the Pianola is the only one which can be considered really musical. None but a great artiste could play with such delicacy or power."
VLADIMIR De PACHMANN."

THE Metrostyle consists of a metal pointer or index which is attached to the tempo lever one of the expression devices of the Pianola. When playing through the medium of the Pianola, the performer is able, with the Metrostyle, to follow a line, printed in red, on the music rolls. This line indicates exactly the interpretation of the composition as played by some well-known musician.

The marking is obtained in the following manner. Paderewski, Moszkowski, Bauer, or other pianist plays over a composition, and as he does so a pen affixed to the Metrostyle traces upon the unwinding roll a red line, which indicates the artiste's individual reading of the composition, with all the changes of tempo and the very lightest and most subtle shading and nuance. The rolls so marked are kept by us as records from which facsimile reproductions are made, and these, through the Metrostyle Pianola, give to the world the possibility of playing any selection as it has been performed by some great pianist or composer.

In many cases we have been able to secure markings from the greatest pianists of the day, also from famous composers who have indicated the interpretation of their own works. Each authority has been selected as the person specially versed in the works of the composer whose rolls he has marked, and where the composer himself has been available it follows that the highest authority has been obtained. In other instances rolls have been marked by an authoritative pianist, and represent competent and cultured musical readings.

One of the most valuable points in connection with the Pianola is that it enables any person to play according to his own musical feeling. Apart from the expression marks on the rolls, however, there has been hitherto no authority or standard to show how the composer intended a piece to be played, or how a great pianist would interpret it. The performer had to trust entirely to his own judgment and taste.

When playing an unfamiliar composition for the first time, even a musician finds himself conflicted with doubt regarding its correct performance; but once its purport has been grasped, the performer is provided with a groundwork which he may elaborate and fashion at the dictates of his fancy. The Metrostyle Pianola, by providing authoritative interpretation, creates a new factor in musical progress.

The masterpieces of the world's pianoforte literature have been, or are being, marked for use with the Metrostyle Pianola, and anyone who possesses a Metrostyle Pianola will be able to play these compositions, comprising all that is best in music, in a truly musical manner. It will be possible to contrast the rendering of certain works as played by different virtuosi. No two pianists give a composition quite the same interpretation. Paderewski, Rosenthal, or Moszkowski, for instance, would none of them play a Chopin Nocturne alike, although each would give a finished and thoroughly artistic performance. Such a comparison of the different readings cannot fail to form an interesting and instructive study. Fifty or a hundred years after this, Metrostyle music rolls will be referred to when it is desired to hear the masterpieces as played by the virtuosi of the present time. Thus the historical importance of the Metrostyle Pianola is considerable.

The addition of the Metrostyle to the Pianola does not diminish the performer's own control over expression, nor does it prevent him playing according to his individual interpretation. The red line need not necessarily be followed, but, on the other hand, when the performer is guided by it that in itself guarantees a sound and musical result. The possession of a Metrostyle provides one with a command over music production which nothing else can bestow, a levelling-up, as it were, which places the novice on the same plane as the accomplished musician.

It is possible to do but scant justice to the merits of the Metrostyle in a printed announcement, but if you will call on us we will be very pleased to give you a practical demonstration of the instrument.

Please write for Catalogue B.

THE ORCHESTRELLE COMPANY,
ÆOLIAN HALL,
135-6-7, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.

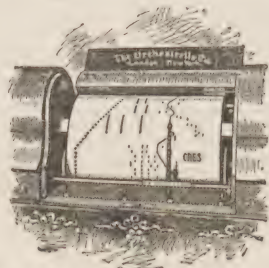


Illustration showing the Metrostyle Pointer or Guide.

Our Feuilleton.

Chance, the Juggler.

By CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "BY RIGHT OF MARRIAGE.")

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

CAPTAIN PHILIP CHESNEY.—A young officer who has been living outside his income.

MARTIA CHESNEY.—His wife.

SIR JOHN CHESNEY.—Captain Chesney's father. A man with a secret.

COLONEL JOSCELYN.—A man with a bad character socially, but a great soldier.

FATHER LYLE.—A Catholic priest and Sir John's father confessor.

DETMOULD.—A man with millions and no morals. Captain Chesney's chief creditor.

HOW THE STORY BEGINS.

Although on the June day when the story opens Martia and Captain Philip Chesney have been man and wife for three years; they are still lovers. Never a cloud has arisen to dim their long honeymoon; but ever in the background their debts have been increasing. Yet they have gone on playing in the sunshine, "leaving worries till to-morrow." It is while on a visit to Sir John Chesney, Captain Chesney's father, that matters reach a climax. Captain Chesney tells Martia that the trash has come; that he cannot meet his debts—not tradesmen's bills, but gaming debts. His chief creditor—one Detmould, a millionaire—has told Colonel Joscelyn, and the Colonel has hinted that it would be to the regiment's gain if Captain Chesney handed in his papers. Martia is distraught; but she is as a child in such affairs. She feels that it is her extravagance which has caused her husband's disgrace. He must not resign his commission; she will go and see Colonel Joscelyn. Her husband forbids her to do so. Colonel Joscelyn, he says, although a great soldier, is not the man any woman can ask a favour of. Then, cannot Sir John Chesney, "the pater," help? No; he must never know the reason of Philip's resignation, for the blow to the family honour would kill him.

That afternoon, while Captain Chesney "stays at home to think," Martia goes to an afternoon reception at a Mrs. Adeane's. She must keep up appearances for her husband's sake. She still feels that the only hope of escape lies through Colonel Joscelyn; but always her husband's words ring in her ears. "Not a man I should like any woman to ask a favour of."

The first person she sees at Mrs. Adeane's is Paul Joscelyn himself. Her heart beats in her throat. Is it—Fate? Her husband goes up to him and asks him, prays him, to save her husband. Detmould is a friend of his, and he, Colonel Joscelyn, has but to say the word and her husband will have another chance. Carried away by her own pleading she promises to do anything in return.

Colonel Joscelyn says he will do what she asks if she will come to his rooms at ten o'clock that evening. Martia goes for her husband's sake, but finds Detmould there alone. He makes love to her as a man lacking all moral sense, and she, half mad with fury, picks up a dagger and strikes. The next thing she knows is that Colonel Joscelyn has entered, and is leaning over Detmould. Even while the Colonel is telling her that Detmould is dead, his Indian servant announces that Captain Philip Chesney, Martia's husband, has called.

CHAPTER IV.

IT is said that when a man is drowning all the events of his life pass in a panoramic vision before him; and so, in that fearful moment when the Indian servant's voice from without the room informed her that her husband was below, in the same house with herself, and with that stiffening corpse at her feet, it seemed to Martia Chesney that she felt in one pang all the sensations of the whole of her life. And even the most abandoned of evil doers, as the dreary waste of waters closed over him for the last time, could not have felt more fear than she, who was drowning, not in the salt ocean, but in the chaos of horror and maddening fright into which a few short hours had hurled her from her high pedestal of serene and complete and satisfying content.

Paul Joscelyn saw that she was at the end of her strength; he saw it in her swaying form, in her convulsed face, in her ashen fingers that held the edge of the table in a frantic grip. He saw that she was on the verge of a severe attack of hysteria.

Before she had uttered more than a low moan he was by her side and had laid both his hands firmly on her shoulders.

"If you scream," he whispered sternly, "if you cry, or laugh, or give way to your feelings at all, you will ruin yourself for ever. If you will be quiet, if you won't make a sound, if you will just sit down here and do exactly as I tell you, it will be all right. I will manage it somehow; I don't quite know how, because I have not had time to think. But you shall not suffer, I swear you shall not."

She sank down on the floor under that mesmeric power of his. It seemed as if a

heavy hand had passed over her brain, wiping out all power of volition: She had gulped down that scream that was just about to tear its way out of her parched throat, as if by magic; she had become a limp bundle of nerves that had reached the limit of the power of sensation. She sat huddled up with her arms round her knees, quite close to the inanimate figure of Lewis Detmould; and she stared at the purplish shadows on his heavy face without seeing them.

The Colonel was back at the door. Scarcely a minute had passed since the Indian had knocked, a thousand years compressed into an instant like in a dream.

The Colonel opened the door the veriest fraction of an inch. He said something in a low voice in a language Martia did not understand. She supposed it was Hindustani.

The servant's answer came only as a faint murmur to her ears. Paul Joscelyn turned to her and translated: "He wants to see me or very important business. He does not know that I have any visitors at all; you can be quite easy. My man is dependable; I would trust him with my life, with yours, if I told him to guard it." He spoke so low that she could hardly hear; and he beckoned to her.

She had entirely lost that high mettled pride that at any other time would have made her scorn to let him see her so weak; she had not the strength to get up; she crawled a little nearer to him on her hands and knees.

Paul Joscelyn said a few more words to the servant and closed the door.

"I am going down to see him," he told her, "to send him away. I must leave you alone a few moments; you must not mind. For God's sake, don't break down!"

He looked at her and at the prostrate figure near her and seemed for an instant to hesitate, as if he feared to leave her alone with it, then he half shook himself, with that characteristic nonchalant movement that, in this crisis, seemed almost frivolous, and went.

He passed down the narrow stairs that bristled with antlers and strange arms above the walnut panelling. The Indian had preceded him, and stood a rigid, silent figure in black tunic and white turban at the door of a room that led out of the hall. His dark, lean face was a study in submissive watchfulness, his lustrous eyes gleamed in the half light, full of the melancholy adoration of a dog.

The Colonel threw him a short whispered sentence, and passed into a small smoking room, lined with beautiful fabrics brought from the East.

Philip Chesney rose from a deep chair.

"I am awfully sorry to disturb you, Colonel," he began in an uneasy tone. "If it hadn't been so fearfully important, I wouldn't have come. Can you give me a few moments?"

The Colonel shook his head rather curtly, and very decidedly.

"Sorry, Chesney," he said, "just now it's out of the question."

"I wouldn't keep you long," insisted the other. "It's cost me a lot to come to you; but it means everything to me—my career—my life—and to-morrow will be too late."

He looked very pale, his eyes were fixed miserably on the older man's face. He was obviously in a state of great nervous excitement, and he spoke in an ungracious, flurried way, betraying the fact that he was asking a favour of a man whom he would far rather kick.

"The fact is," explained the Colonel, with a little smile, "I can't possibly wait now. I have a—Lady friend supping with me."

Philip Chesney flung himself round with a sound that was something between a groan and a snarl of indignation. It was like the man, he thought, to place his light o' loves before the appeal of a man tottering on the brink of ruin.

They looked at each other for a moment. They were both sick at heart. The Colonel was disgusted; the whole thing was horribly unpleasant, it jarred on him. But there was no other business so pressing that he could have pleaded it to rid himself of the young man, half demented at the loss of his honour and all that he held dear.

He had never found his evil reputation so useful before.

Philip gave a short, forced laugh that had an ugly sound.

"I wouldn't dream of spoiling sport," he said, with an assumption of lightness that was a poor cloak for his misery and his contempt. "Why didn't you tell me at once, Colonel? So sorry. Good night!"

At the door he paused and hesitated, and then, overcoming his distaste with an obvious effort, burst out in almost boyish confusion. "I wouldn't bother you, but—well—I'm going right under, and you are my only hope. May I come and talk to you?"

"I shall be at the club in an hour or two," said Paul Joscelyn. "But I may as well tell you, Chesney, that I guess what it is you want to say to me, and I am afraid—very much afraid—that I can do nothing in the matter. It is not the first time that my duty has been painful to me, and I have always striven never to fail in it towards my regiment." He put all the sternness he could command into his voice. There must be no sign of relenting; otherwise, later, if the shadow of a suspicion was raised in the young man's breast, the mischief could never be undone. "All the same, come," he added in a different tone; "I should like to have a talk with you. Won't you have a cigarette?"

Philip took one from the silver box; but, instead of lighting it, he twisted it nervously in his fingers.

"Have a light?"

"Please—that is, no, thanks, I've got one."

He fumbled with his match box and spoiled three matches; then he put the cigarette, still unlighted, between his lips, and tried to laugh.

"It doesn't matter, Colonel, I don't feel much like smoking to-night."

Paul Joscelyn accompanied him to the door. As the Indian opened it he asked casually:—"Are you going to Lady Leicester's to-night, Chesney?"

"Yes, much later on, about two. I promised to fetch my wife."

"Oh, Mrs. Chesney is there?"

"Yes, at least, I think so."

"Of course, everyone will be there. I may look in. An revoir, then."

He walked upstairs very slowly, despite the hurry of unaccustomed nerves itching to get the woman upstairs out of the house. The young man's face had impressed him—the pallor of the handsome features, the suggestion of hopeless, crushed misery in his whole bearing, the childish helplessness of his appeal. He took his folly very much to heart. He was no doubt a good soldier, as that fond and foolish and heroic little girl had said. And he was saved, if he only knew it; for his implacable creditor upstairs lay rigid in death.

Martia was sitting in exactly the same position when the Colonel entered the room, but he saw that she had thrown a handkerchief over her head, she did not move. She looked very small and almost plain, with her fixed, white face. The diamonds in her hair and on her cold breast shone radiantly in the rose-shaded light; her long dress was spread like a glistening pool of silver at his feet.

"He is gone," the man said. "I have sent him away."

His voice roused her from her apathy; she struggled to her feet and pointed at the figure on the floor.

"But you can't send him away," she cried in a dreadful, rasping voice. "He cannot go—he will never go. Oh, how could you be so cruel, so fiendishly cruel? How could you let this happen? Why were you not here? What have I done to you that you should make me pay with my heart's blood for your amusement?"

Paul Joscelyn's face was as expressionless as ever. He spoke in low, matter-of-fact tones.

"I have not the slightest idea why he came here to-night. He had a disagreeable habit of dropping in at all times. That he was allowed to enter the place was my servant's fault. He said he misunderstood my orders before I went out. Upon my soul, Mrs. Chesney, I did not believe you would come, or else I would not have left the house, even if it had cost me all I have in the world. I should like you to believe that, although I don't suppose you will. Just before dinner I had a wire calling me to a most important conference with a superior officer. To have come failed to present myself would have been grave discourtesy, even more. Before I left, I sent my housekeeper away, and told my man to admit no one but a lady—in case you came, and, knowing Detmould's habit of looking in at all times, I added that, if he came, he was to be told that I was out, and should not be back until very late. The blundering idiot understood me to say that he was only to admit a lady and Detmould—and no one else. I can't punish him, because I have need of him. That is all the explanation I can give you, Mrs. Chesney. It is a poor servant's stupidity we have got into this unholy mess. And now you must go as quickly as possible."

She seemed hardly to have heard him; but one word arrested her attention. She looked at him with vacant eyes, and gave a little hoarse laugh.

"You call it a muddle. And I have killed a man!"

"Nonsense," he said, roughly. "Don't talk like that. For heaven's sake, pull yourself together! If we were to go in for heroics, Mrs. Chesney, I should be licking the dust at your feet." His thin, brown face was what his subordinates called like a "bronze image," his pale eyes were almost furiously cold.

"But we have no time for that," he went on, "you have got to get away."

She took no notice. "I have killed a man," she repeated dully.

"You have done nothing of the sort!" He brushed past her, and knelt down by the dead man's side. First he lifted the handkerchief that covered the face and dropped it quickly again. "What an ugly brute he was!" he muttered under his breath.

Then he made a rapid examination of the body with eyes and hands skilled through long familiarity with the horrors and exigencies of war.

"You couldn't possibly have killed him," he said, over his shoulder, in his quiet, tired voice. "I can't think why he died."

"You struck him; there is no wound." He continued his search. "Oh yes, here, I have it—a scratch on his wrist. He must have tried to snatch the dagger from you, and got hold of the blade and scratched himself. That is how he died."

"All the same, I killed him."

"I am as much to blame as you, even more. I ought not to have left the dagger out; it was a piece of unpardonable carelessness. I was showing it to him only this morning. He knew it was poisoned, and when he saw you pick it up, he must have shaken his nerves."

Mrs. Chesney, there is no reason for you to look upon it as anything more than an accident."

She was slowly regaining her power of thought; his calmness calmed her, his tone reassured her, the commonplace words he used began to dispel the mists of black horror that had gathered round her brain, although they relegated a man's life to the importance of a chicken's or a frog's.

"Now, do go," he said. "Tidy your hair, and put on your cloak, and get into a cab and drive to Lady Leicester's."

"Oh no," she cried shrilly—"I can't! How can I? How can I?"

"You must. Everything depends on it. Your husband thinks you are there. I asked him. Remember, I got you into this position, and I am going to get you out of it."

She flashed him a look of her old contempt. "How can you do that? Can you make me into the woman of this morning?"

"Please don't talk like that. If we start on heroics, everyone we shall both be lost. I don't quite know how I shall manage it, but it is going to be all right. You are perfectly safe. My man will see that you get out unnoticed. Don't forget that I would trust him with your life and your honour, which are more precious to me at the present moment than anything in the world. Nobody has the slightest idea that you have been here. Nobody shall ever know. Don't forget that. Keep on repeating it to yourself all the rest of the night. And whatever you hear, whatever happens, you must be silent as the grave. You know nothing; you have not been here to-night."

He spoke with quiet emphasis, as if he were teaching a lesson to a child. And his words had the desired effect.

She walked to a mirror over the mantelshelf of the little book-lined room; and took the diamonds out of her hair, and, with a comb set with large pearls, she twisted her glossy, dark, golden curls into that alluring, fanciful, little top-knot that singled her shapely head out from all other fashionable women, and replaced the glittering circlet of olive foliage and berries. Then she twisted her lace scarf round her head, pulling it low over her eyes.

"You are dreadfully pale," he said.

"It does not matter. He—Philip knows I had a headache after dinner."

"Now go to Lady Leicester's, and behave naturally. It is no good your thinking you haven't the strength, because you must have. Laugh, and talk, and dance, and flirt. And if it makes you sick, remember that it's only for an hour or two, and that to-morrow you will be free and safe and able to take up your life just where you left it off."

"Oh, you must be a heartless monster!" she cried. "How can I ever do that?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Really, Mrs. Chesney, you make it very difficult."

"Oh," she said, "I suppose I ought to be grateful to you. I don't think I can do what you tell me; but I will try."

"Did your husband leave the house before you?" he asked.

"Yes—he walked down to the club."

"And then came here, and is going back to the club. So he does not know when you started. You will just arrive at Lady Leicester's in good time. It is eleven o'clock." He offered her his arm, but she waved it aside, and walked steadily enough, under his scrutinizing gaze. At the door she paused and looked back with a shudder.

"That's my handkerchief on his face," she whispered. "But I couldn't touch it again."

"I will take care of it," he said.

She looked up into his lean brown face with a gaze of repulsion, not untinged with awe. "Are you made of stone?" she asked. "Have you no pity for him—struck down like that? Is it no more to you than if a dog died in your study? And yet he sought your company, you allowed him to—he ate at your table, and, at least, called himself your friend. Have you no pity for him at all?"

Paul Joscelyn's face was rigid; in his eyes was that same terrible look as when she had first poured into his ears the incoherent words that told him of Lewis Detmould's insult, and of her blow in self-defence.

"It is nothing to me that he died," he said shortly. "He deserved to die—like a dog."

"And have you no pity for me?" she faltered.

"For you!" His eyes looked over her head, as she passed through the door. For the first time his face betrayed emotion. It was only a transient gleam, swiftly gone as the lightning flash; but it was an emotion so vast, so gentle, so impersonal, that anyone seeing it might have wondered what unsounded depths of tenderness and sympathy lay in the nature of this man whom the world judged only in two ways, as a magnificent butcher, or as a heartless libertine. "Pity," he said—"no, that is not the word."

"Oh, but you might well pity me," she moaned. "God knows, I need it!"

CHAPTER V.

FIVE minutes later Martia was sitting in a hansom, driving towards Lady Leicester's big house at the other end of Park-lane.

She had managed to walk quite steadily and quietly down the covered pavement of the Albany, and had found a cab at the entrance, summoned by the Indian. She did not think anybody had seen her, but, of course, she could not be quite sure. The place had seemed deserted.

She felt very strange. That torpor of weakness had left her. Her head was light, like that of a person with fever. She thought she was calm; but directly she tried to do anything with her hands they trembled so that she had to clench them in her lap.

It was such a short drive, she wished it were fifty miles. At the big stone porch of Leicester House was great confusion of carriages setting down and driving off, with occasional explosives from coachmen whose fine thoroughbreds came almost in collision; there was a buzz of orders and instructions, and a constant banging of carriage doors.

Martia jumped to the ground almost before the servant had time to assist her; she stood for a moment on the strip of red carpet spread over the pavement with a lost look on her face. Habit urged through all the chaos of

her mind that she must pay the cabman; but where was her purse? Her hands were empty; she had brought her gold bag with her, with her purse in it, and some loose money and her handkerchief. She had forgotten all about it after pulling out the dainty bit of lace and cambric, in a moment of mad horror, to cover the dead man's face. But, even as she hesitated, the cabman turned and drove away, and she knew that the Indian must have paid him at the other end.

In the cloak room she greeted several acquaintances, who all exclaimed in horrified tones of conventional sympathy as she uncoiled her lace scarf from about her head.

"I have a headache," she said over and over again in answer to their inquiries. When it came to the twentieth time, she wondered how long she could bear it without screaming aloud.

There was a constantly shifting crowd of laughing, chattering women round the tall mirrors set in the white walls of the lofty dressing-room. It was just the time when everybody was arriving. The air was hot and heavy with perfumes; the blaze of jewels was dazzling; the floor was carpeted with trains of fashionable, diaphanous materials, sewn thickly with pearls or paillettes, silver or gold.

Martia had to struggle before she could get near enough to a mirror to see her face. The glass was set round with unshaded electric lights; and, when she saw herself in that truthful and revealing glare, she bit hard into her lips and wondered that no curiosity had mingled with the sympathy of her friends. She looked ghastly. She could explain the white face, but not those haunted eyes.

As she turned away, having mechanically smoothed her hair, a woman behind set her high heel in the gleaming silver tissue and fine lace of her train. A long piece of the flounce was torn away, and she had to stay and have it sewn up.

She was glad and smiled absently at the offender's profuse apologies. It gave her time. When she finally entered the ball room, after greeting her hostess at the top of the stairs, her face was composed. Monotonous words hammered ceaselessly in her brain: "You must not show your feelings; you must be natural. Laugh, and talk, and dance, and flirt. If you break down you will be lost; you are quite safe. Nobody knows; nobody saw you. All will be well as long as you don't give yourself away." And then at intervals her whole being rose in revolt and cried out in agony: "But I have killed a man!"

She was besieged immediately; she was an extremely popular woman. Into her intercourse with the men she liked she brought a high-spirited gaiety and a frank "camaraderie" that mingled piquantly with the spell of her beauty and the dominion of her charm. She was one of those conquering women who

attract by their magnetism, and keep aloof by the cold purity of their souls.

To-night she surrendered her programme and took it helplessly when it was handed back to her, scribbled over from top to bottom in less than five minutes; and she begged to sit out the first dance, pleading the excuse of her headache that formed itself mechanically on her lips.

Her companion thought Mrs. Chesney was particularly gay that night, so gay that she hardly waited for the end of his remarks before she joined in with some light-hearted sally, so merry and high-spirited that she often answered his questions quite at random and then laughed almost uproariously at her mistakes.

He inquired about her husband, and she said that he was joining the ranks of the non-dancers, and voted balls a bore, and was beginning to fall a victim to the soothing charm of his club; and he chaffed her, and said that it was the first time he had ever seen the one without the other, and she laughed so vehemently at that, that he half wondered if they had really had a row at last; but she said that he was coming to fetch her at two o'clock, and that she was sure this was going to be the nicest ball of the season, and she had caught sight of the supper tables, which were simply exquisite.

The next waltz she danced with the young Duke of Portsmouth, a nice, fair, clean-shaven boy in Philip's regiment, who respectfully adored her; and she wondered, when her head began to swim with the continuous gyration, what he would think if he knew that the hand which rested in his had just killed a man.

Ah, no, that was not true; she had not killed him. He had snatched the knife from her, and scratched himself. It is the motive that counts; she had not killed him; she had not meant to. Is it only a man who has the right to strike a blow in self-defence? And it was true what Colonel Joscelyn had said. He deserved to die like a dog. He was a miserable, contemptible creature. He had polluted her by his touch; dishonoured her by his glance; all the rest of her days she could never wash out the stain of his lips on her skin, or purify her ears from the memory of the foul bargain he had dared to propose to her. She loathed him, she was glad he was dead; she wished he had ten lives so that she might take them all.

But she had not killed him. No, his death was a punishment, a judgment. She cast back the stain from her soul; she was white, she was guiltless. Without fear or trembling, she would pray to her God that night.

She dropped suddenly into a seat in a palm-bowered alcove. The young Duke talked to her and fanned her and fetched her an ice. Then the music ceased; another partner sought her, and again she asked to sit out the dance.

He was a brilliant, elderly diplomat; and while he talked and she answered every now and then with some slight remark, a very frenzy of suspense took hold of her to know what was passing in that little room in the Albany, where on the Persian carpet lay a man dead with her handkerchief on his face. It had never occurred to her that, in going away, she had done a cowardly thing; that she had left the Colonel to bear alone the frightful burden of guilt. It was bound to be discovered. He could not spirit away a dead man. And what would the world think but that he had killed him?

The woman never thought of that; she accepted his words blindly. "I got you into this position, and I am going to get you out of it." She had only thought of getting away, of hiding from Philip the hateful fact that she had kept a tryst with a man in his rooms that night. Of the graver consequences of discovery she was quite heedless. As a terrorist agent they did not exist for her. She did not fear the world, or the law and its punishments; she would have walked steadily enough to the scaffold; but if Philip should ever look coldly upon her, then life would become a barren gift, and she would welcome death as a deliverer.

Even now she did not think of the Colonel's danger, of the fearful risk he was running to shield her; she was only consumed by the longing to know what was happening, whether it was all discovered, whether, after all, she had been seen by someone entering or leaving by the door. At this very moment some scandalmonger might be smilingly whispering her name to another; to-morrow it would be all over London; she would be lost.

Suspense was so much torture that she would almost have committed any imprudence to know, to make sure. Every nerve in her body was on wires; her brain was working with an awful rapidity that bordered on delirium. She hardly heard what her brilliant neighbour was saying. Her eyes wandered restlessly, feverishly, out into the ball-room, with its myriad of dancing lights, and its hundreds of thousands of roses dying on the gilded trellis that covered the lofty white walls, and its line of tall windows draped with straight folds of gold-embroidered white velvet, open on to the marble balconies hung with gorgeous Eastern stuffs and filled with palms.

How stifling it was! All those roses dying, how dreadful they looked; the air was rank with perfume and powder, it was more suffocating even than the vapours from the pavements of the hot city when she had driven through it in the afternoon. Never again would she care for a rose, never again would her nostrils take pleasure in the cloying sweetness of their useless death. Death—how her heart harped on death. Suddenly her heart gave a bound as if it would leap out of her body, and then stopped still. Framed in a

distant doorway she saw Paul Joscelyn's tall lean form.

She started to her feet to the great surprise of her companion.

"I—I'm awfully tired," she said in a strange, muffled voice. "I—will go."

He offered her his arm, but she had not the prudence to accept it, and left him without another word.

Paul Joscelyn was here. The worst must have happened; she must have been discovered. He had come to warn her. She must get to him.

There was no dancing at the moment; but preparations were being made for the cotillon, and the vast hall was crowded with standing groups waiting the signal to make a move into the supper room.

Martia struggled through. She had lost all sense of prudence, she did not stop to think how strange her sudden and rapid transit of the room must seem. She had seen Paul Joscelyn at the other end, and she must go to him.

She could still see his head above several others in a little knot of people. But, with every step, it seemed to her that the distance between them was greater, and she began to see everything, the people, the lights, the jewels, the flowers, in a blurred haze. Suddenly the whole room whirled round her like a kaleidoscope; there was a rushing sound in her ears. She made one last agonised effort to keep up, but it was useless and she fell prone on the ground in a dead faint.

A dozen hands raised her, and she was carried into a little ante-room amid the usual exclamations about the heat.

They laid her on a couch, but in less than a minute she was struggling to her feet again. "I will go," she muttered. "Indeed, I would rather; I am all right now."

The young Duke of Portsmouth was first with the offer of his arm. She would not take it, but she suffered him to walk beside her. Her knees were trembling under her, and she was white as paper, and her hair was pushed back wildly from her brow.

She saw Colonel Joscelyn immediately she entered the ball-room. He was quite close to her, and, just as she came out, another group of people was forming itself about him. They all had white, shocked faces, as if they had heard some dreadful rumour, and were pressing round him to have it confirmed.

He saw Martia. One glance flashed between them, lightning swift. She saw that he looked exactly the same as usual. He turned to the man nearest to him, and spoke in a very low voice; but she knew that it was intended to carry to her ears.

"I am looking for Ludovic Clare," he said. "I suppose he is bound to be here. A dreadful thing has happened. His half-brother, Lewis Detmold, has committed suicide in my rooms."

To be Continued To-morrow.

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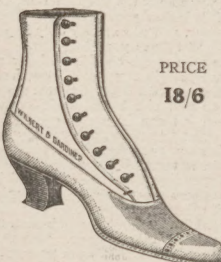
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